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DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER.

Close his eyes, his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman?

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor,
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever, and forever.

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemocking folly?

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him;
Mortal love weeps idly by—
God alone has power to aid him.

GEORGE LEA—Music Hall Manager. (For Biographical Sketch see another column.)

THE WHITE GIPSY;

OR,

The Avenging Track of the Escaped Convict.

A ROMANCE OF CITY AND FOREST.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

On the margin of the River Yarroe, in Bedfordshire, was a little cottage. It was so near the water that on sunny days its shadow fell upon the stream, and the water laved its walls. Its windows were rugged in shape—its walls uneven—its roof thatched roughly and patched in different colors. But the windows—rugged as they might be—were adorned with snow-white blinds. Over those uneven walls were rows of fresh-looking creepers, which, in the summer, hung thick with bright flowers; in the garden were neat beds and cleanly-kept paths. The present inhabitants had occupied it about a month. They called themselves brother and sister, and their trade was basket-making. Need we say that they were Bamfylde and Cora. They looked, however, far different from what they were when they came to Woodbine Cottage first.

They were then dressed in outlandish garbs: now he wore the rough though neat attire of an artizan, while she was dressed in neat though plain clothes, which suited her far better than the wild and rugged garments of the gipsy tribe.

There was another dweller in the house—an old woman whom Bamfylde had brought from the village to be a kind of companion to Cora, and to relieve her also from the necessity of doing even the slightest work. He had accumulated a little money, but he still worked hard at his basket-making, partly to keep up his store—partly to avoid suspicion—partly to keep his mind at rest; for Bamfylde was an unhappy man. Loving Cora madly, passionately as he did, it was a perpetual misery to him to see her grieving for one she had lost—one who was so vastly inferior to herself—so infinitely unworthy of her. Yet it may be asked why he did not tell her of his love, and ask her to be his wife? The question is easily answered. He loved her so well that he did not care to think of her as his through gratitude, and, thoroughly convinced as he was that she loved him not, he would have imagined that to marry her would be to render her unhappy. Yet he knew that she loved.

He could have sent her to Sir Mordaunt [illegible] sufficient evidence to have induced him to investigate her story. But he did not wish to part with her, and especially to one whom he trusted so little as Sir Mordaunt. The winter was waning, and the people were beginning to look forward to the first glimpse of spring, when we introduce our white gipsies again to the readers. Bamfylde had effectually baffled the pursuit of his enemies; and on that fresh evening he looked almost happy, as he sat in the glow of the sunset at the cottage door, giving the finishing touch to a light basket.

Then, when the light of day was gone, he entered the cottage, and sat down by the glowing fire to partake of their humble meal. Cora was beginning to be used to his simple life. Its quiet peacefulness coming after her great sorrow, suited her better than the wild irregular life of the gipsies, full of constant fears and danger. Her beauty was undiminished—her eyes sparkled with as intense light as ever; and when the old woman had cleared away the things and left them alone—as she did often in the evening—Bamfylde drew closer to her side, and, taking her hand said, "You are a dear beautiful child, Alice," (he now called her by her own name,) "and I am very grateful I have you with me."

Alice smiled.

"You grateful?" cried she. "Why what have you to be grateful for? I am grateful to you, for to you I owe everything in life—home, honor, even my very existence? You have been to me father, mother, brother and sister; and I love you as I should have done my brother, dear, dear Bamfylde!"

Bamfylde smiled upon her as she looked up winningly into his face.

"Yes, yes!" he said, "you love me now; but for you there is another future—a future with one whom you will love as your husband. When that time comes you will forget me."

The girl shook her head mournfully.

"Alas! no!" she said. "I have been once deceived, and shall never, never love again!"

The basket-maker laughed lightly, though his heart at her words sank within him.

"You are but eighteen, Alice," he said; "time will wipe away your tears. You have youth still, and a bright existence before you, while for me the future is but a blank."

"You are talking, dear Bamfylde, as if you were an old man."

"I am an old man to you?" cried Bamfylde, bitterly. "I am thirty-five—nearly twice your age."

Alice looked up into his face sorrowfully.

"Poor, dear Bamfylde," she said, "why have you thus wasted the best years of your life?—why have you sacrificed for me, who loved another, what you should have sacrificed for one who loved you?—why have you given me, your little sister, all the morning and sunshine of your life, and left yourself nothing but the eventide and the darkness?"

Had Alice imagined for one moment the effect which would have been produced upon Bamfylde by her words, she would have feared to utter them.

He sprang up and rushed to the window.

"Great heavens!" he muttered to himself, "is it possible that she does not see how I love her? She talks of not being able to repay me, when one simple word would give me back my youth and recompense me for the long, long years I have devoted to her!"

As he stood there gazing out upon the night without any particular purpose, his eyes fell upon two shadowy forms creeping along the margin of the river. Instinctively he moved away, and barred the door.

"Alice," he said, as he sat down in a part of the room where he could not be seen from the casement, "go to the window, and tell me what you see."

Accustomed to obey him in all things, she rose and went.

"I see two men," she said, "approaching the house; they do not seem to wish to be observed, for they are stealing along by the hedge."

"Good!" said Bamfylde. "I guess who they are, and what is their errand. I will go and conceal myself beneath the baskets in the back yard. If they seek to enter, tell them I am not here, but have gone to the inn with some friends. They will ask for Bamfylde. Remember my name is Robert Grainger, and you are my sister."

He then walked hastily across the room, opened the inner door, and entered the passage beyond.

"Mind," he whispered, "do not open the door to them, unless you are absolutely obliged."

The door had scarcely closed after him before a loud knock re-echoed through the cottage. Alice again approached the window and opened it a few inches.

"Who is there?" she cried in a trembling voice.

"Who are you?" asked the man coarsely.

"If you have come here for the purpose of insulting me," replied Alice, "you had better go away. If you come on business, let me know at once, or I shall close the window, and refuse to answer you."

The man who had spoken came up to the window and peeped in.

"There ain't no use in being cross miss," he said. "We want Bamfylde—is he here?"

"I do not know the name," replied Alice quietly.

"Oh, that's your game is it?" said the man. "Well, I can tell you missy, you are making a mistake. We are friends of his, and have come all the way from London to see him."

For a moment, Alice was in doubt. What if they were friends? What if, after all, they had come to warn him of impending danger? Still the words of Bamfylde were precise. She was to admit them upon no pretext whatever.

"If you are friends of my brother's," she said, "you would know that his name is Robert Grainger. I do not know any one of the name of Bamfylde."

"Well, well!" said the man in a tone of irritation, "we won't quarrel about names. We want to see your brother—where is he?"

"He is down at the inn at Fairwater," she said; "he has some friends with him. You'll find him in the public room.

The man made no reply. There was for a moment a whispered consultation between him and his companion.

"I suppose you ain't gammoning us, missy?" put in the second stranger. "It ain't worth while, because we are friends of his, and have got something to tell him?"

"You have said so before," said Alice; "and as I have told you they were at the inn, I may as well say good night."

With these words, she closed the window. There was again a hurried consultation. Then, after a moment, she saw them move away, pass down by the margin of the river, and disappear along the dark highway. They had scarcely vanished from her sight when the arm of Bamfylde stole round her waist.

"My brave little Alice," he cried, "you have done well. I have heard it all."

"You!" she said, laughing. "Why, you have been hiding away."

"No; I could not resist the temptation of listening, so I crept round by the corner of the wall and heard all that passed. They will soon be back when they discover how you have misled them; so come and sit down with me by the fire, and let me tell you something before I go away."

Go away! What could he mean? The words seemed to send a chill to her very heart.

"Go away!" she murmured, as he led her to a seat, looking mournfully up into his face—"go away! Are you, then, about to leave me?"

"Leave you! No, dearest, only for a time—until this matter is blown over."

"Where are you going?"

Bamfylde was looking straight into the fire, and did not turn towards her as he replied.

"Only somewhere in the neighborhood," he answered. "It is not safe for me to remain here; it would be against your interests as well as mine. I will hide way until the storm has gone, and meanwhile Mrs. Maunders will take care of you."

"Dear Bamfylde!" interrupted Alice, with tears in her eyes: "I am so very, very sorry for you! But I am afraid you are deceiving me."

"Deceiving you! In what?"

"You are not going to remain near me; you are going right away."

"No, no, dear Alice!" cried Bamfylde, hastily; "no, no—I am not! I am going but for a time. But hush! I hear steps again in the garden."

Alice rose. She approached the window.

"It is Mrs. Maunders," she said, as she undid the door.

Bamfylde greeted her with unusual fervor.

"Your absence seemed an age," he said. "Come into the next room. I have something to say to you in private."

Alice eyed him reproachfully.

"Something which I may not hear?" she said, reproachfully.

He smiled and patted her cheek.

"Well, well!" he answered; "it is not necessary for you to hear. Come, Mrs. Maunders, time presses."

The old woman obeyed. Bamfylde lost no time by entering into preliminaries.

"Some men have been here to-night," he said, "whom I dare not meet, and it is absolutely necessary for me to go away at once. Here is money; when I am gone give it to Alice, and let her be easy in her mind as to her future. I will communicate with those who have more claim on her than I have; and in a very short time she will be in the position of a lady."

The old woman was scared. She looked at him in a bewildered way as she took the money.

"But surely, Mr. Bamfylde," she said—"surely you are coming back?"

"No, no!" he answered, in a choking voice; "you'll never see me again. I shall go right away. I'm no use here, only to keep her in constant danger and fear. I shall communicate with those whom I believe to be her friends, and see that she is well cared for, and then I shall leave England for ever!"

"Miss Alice will break her heart when she finds it out."

Bamfylde eyed her curiously, and then said, bitterly: "Break her heart for me! No, Mrs. Maunders, she'll not do that; though, may be, I shall for her. I've toiled and struggled and fought for her ever since she was a baby, but she does not see how much I love her!"

He approached the door.

"Are you not going to say good bye to her?" asked Mrs. Maunders.

He paused a moment. The tears stood in his eyes.

"No, no!" he cried; "I can't stand it. Tell her I've gone because I wish no longer to be a burden and an obstacle to her; tell her I'll see she never wants; tell her to forget me."

Mrs. Maunders stayed him.

"Where are these men gone now?" she asked.

"To Fairwater."

"Where, then, are *you* going?"

"To Lepworth."

"That is twenty miles."

"Yes; no matter. I shall reach it before morning. Good-bye!"

Before she could answer, he was gone. As the door closed upon him, a piercing shriek rent the air. Instinctively, Mrs. Maunders rushed into the front room. Alice Carew had fainted. When she was restored to herself by Mrs. Maunders' patient care, she started wildly, wistfully round.

"Where is he?" she asked.

"Who?"

"Bamfylde?"

"He is gone out—gone away for a short time. He told me to ——"

"Nay, do not attempt to deceive me!" interrupted Alice. "I have heard all. He has given you money for me."

"Yes."

"Give it me."

"What for? What are you about to do?"

The wild looks of the girl alarmed the old woman.

"Ask no questions. Give it to me."

Mrs. Maunders delivered into her hands the pocket-book given to her by Bamfylde.

Alice opened it. It was full of gold and bank notes. One of the latter—for ten pounds—she took out, and gave to Mrs. Maunders. Then, without another word, she went up into her bed-room and dressed herself. When she came down again, the old woman was in tears.

"Where are you going, Miss Alice?" she said. "Pray—pray tell me. I will not betray you—indeed, not?"

Alice answered her almost with sternness.

"Ask me nothing. I do not know where I am going. I am going anywhere—anywhere after *him!*"

Then, without another word, she flew out into the night. Meanwhile, Bamfylde, with his heavy stick in his hand, set out manfully; and crossing the light bridge which led over the Yarroe, entered Burnham Wood, and passed through it into the high road. There was a desperation in his heart which seemed to lend him an unusual amount of courage. For some time, therefore, his step was firm and elastic, and as he walked through the cold, bracing air of winter along the hard, frosty road, he felt as if he had done a good and brave action, and one to which he would some day look back with pleasure and self-commendation. But, at the crest of the hill, he paused. He had walked five miles, and below lay Fairwater, twinkling with its hundred lights.

There he could distinguish the High Street; there the bridge, with its three lamps; and near that bridge, one solitary lamp, which he knew to be opposite the door of a humble dwelling, where he had quitted the one he loved best on earth. Best, say we? The *only* one beloved or loving. Then the reality showed itself to him—for the first time he appreciated how terrible it was to be thus going away for ever. For ever! Never again would he gaze upon her fair, sweet face! Never again press her hand! Never again hear her voice! And the strong man, sitting down by the wayside on a fallen tree, wept bitter tears.

"What have I done—what has been my crime," he murmured, "that I am thus cruelly punished? Why was I born, that my youth might be a misery, and my manhood a curse?"

He sat here a long time, sorrowing for the loss of her he was voluntarily abandoning, and maturing plans for her happiness. He was so full of his thoughts—so occupied with his sorrow—that he failed to notice outward things. The night might have changed to day without being observed by him.

The men who sought him, that they might lead him to his death, might have approached him unperceived. No wonder then that Alice was noticed not, as with light steps she darted along the road. She was near him—had sat down by him—had flung her arms around his neck—before he well knew she was near him. He pushed her gently away.

"Alice," he said, "what do you do here? Why have you followed me?"

His voice was thick and hoarse.

"Why have I followed you Bamfylde?" she said reproachfully. "Can you ask me such a question? I have come because I will not leave you alone: I have come because you are my only friend."

Her voice trembled.

"I shall prove myself more than ever your friend when I leave you," he said.

"No, no—you shall never leave me—never!" she cried wildly.

"Why?"

She gazed up into his eyes wistfully, and then sank upon his breast.

"Because I love you," she said in a low, musical whisper.

The strong man's arm was around her—her head was on his heart, and she could feel it leap as the words fell upon her ear. Yet he feared to speak again. Did she not love one who had proved himself unworthy of her? Was she not even now mourning for his loss? How could she then so suddenly change her mind?

"Alice," he murmured, "I cannot accept this from your gratitude; I should have been proud to have accepted it from your love. You love another; you have told me this merely to make me happy."

"No, no—indeed, no!" said Alice, still pressing herself closer to his heart. "No; Henri was unworthy of me. I hate myself for ever having permitted him to regard me as his own. Heaven has opened my eyes. I love you for your devotion to me—your long years of sacrifices—the generous heart which was about to sacrifice itself again, and this time for ever. Take my love—take me, if my wedding you will make you happy, for it will be happiness to me."

"May heaven bless you, my Alice!" murmured Bamfylde, as he kissed her warm brow. "My Alice—mine for ever! Come," he added; "let us go on, then. There is danger behind, but the path before us is through the glorious sunshine for ever."

CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH LADY CAREW MAKES A DESPERATE RESOLVE.

On the morning following the flight of the gipsy tribe, Lady Carew was seated in her room, when Colonel Marchmont entered. Henri le Morneaut had confided to his mother the events of the preceding evening, and her pale face and dejected appearance plainly testified the effect which his communication had taken upon her. One of her pet schemes had been frustrated on the very eve of its accomplishment. She had always regarded the fortune of Lady Selina Macdonald as her son's safeguard against poverty. Even if he lost entirely the property of the Carews, he would at least have the means of maintaining a respectable position when he became master of Lady Selina's twenty thousand pounds. She was well aware that Lady Selina loved him. This her looks, her actions, her words had testified plainly enough.

Great then, indeed, was her disgust when she discovered that he had lost all chance of this *marriage de convenience* in consequence of what she demominated a vulgar amour with a gipsy girl. Her first impulse had been to proceed to Lady Selina's room, and to endeavor, by timely interference, to remedy the breach. She found the young girl in tears. But though yielding thus to her sorrow—though suffering herself to weep for one who was not worthy of a second thought, she was yet resolved never to forgive him. It was cruel enough—humiliating enough—to learn that while professing to love her he was planning a flight with another. It was the more humiliating, because the person for whom she was for the moment neglected was a common gipsy girl. For thinking thus she was not to be blamed. How could she know that her rival was Alice Wentworth Carew, the heiress of the house in which she was a visitor?

To her, the girl, whose semblance she assumed for a time, was an outcast—a pariah—one whom it was a dishonor to love, and a bitter shame to regard as a rival. And the words which Henri le Morneaut had used when he imagined that he held Alice in his arms had irritated her—wounded her self-love. This did what sorrow, no matter how great, would never have done. It destroyed her affection for him. At first she grieved for him; then reflection came, and with the reflection came a contempt for him—contempt for herself, and thankfulness for her escape. So, when Lady Carew entered her room, she was prepared to receive her. That lady approached her, and sitting down, took her hand.

"I fear, my dear child," she said, "that my son has grievously offended you?"

"He has, madam," returned Lady Selina, sternly.

"You must forgive him," said Lady Constance, winningly. "Young men are apt to be led away. This brazen chit, for whom he has risked your love, was never intended to take your place in his heart."

"It is in vain to plead for him, my lady," returned the proud girl. "I would not marry a profligate, such as Mr. Henri has proved himself to be. I have spoken to him for the last time."

Lady Carew bit her lip. It was hard to plead against such a proud will as this. Yet Lady Selina had twenty thousand pounds. The stake, therefore, was worth playing for.

"I trust it is not so; my dear son will break his heart!" she said, with a show of emotion. "Whatever may have been his momentary passion for that girl, you are the one upon whom his heart is fixed."

Lady Selina turned round sharply. Her eyes flashed fire.

"Lady Carew," she said, "you will be doing me a kindness by not mentioning to me again the name of your son. I assure you it is no credit to you. To-morrow I leave this house for ever. I have promised that I will not speak to my father; but I shall be compelled to break that promise if I am to be annoyed."

Lady Carew rose. She saw the game was up.

"Very well," she said, quietly; "I will say no more. I regret very much the course you have taken, because Henri is very young. He might repent sincerely the wrong he has done you, and you might be happy."

So on the morning following, Lady Carew was in sorrow. Colonel Marchmont approached her with unusual deference. She rose, however, abruptly.

"I am already much depressed," she cried, "by an unexpected misfortune. I do not wish to be rendered more so by your presence."

The Colonel smiled.

"Excuse me, my lady," he said; "it is for your interest to hear me."

She sat down.

"Sir Mordaunt must release me from your persecutions," she muttered.

Again the smile.

"He would be the worst possible person to apply to," he said; "because he would learn of the existence of your husband, which would be unpleasant."

"A truce to your mocking sentences," cried Lady Carew, petulantly. "What is it you want?"

"I have discovered," said Colonel Marchmont, "that the gipsy girl with whom your son hoped to have fled, is Alice Wentworth Carew, daughter of Sir Mordaunt's brother."

Lady Carew's cheek paled.

"This is absurd," she said.

"Nevertheless, true."

"And what is this to me?"

"That remains to be seen. I have a proposition to make. This girl, as I have already said, is your husband's niece. I have sworn to see to her welfare, and, having found her, I shall do so."

Lady Carew tapped the floor with her foot impatiently.

"You have *not* found her!" she cried. "It is false! She has gone—where, you know not, and you will never find her!"

The blow struck her. But the Colonel quickly recovered his equanimity.

"You are mistaken, madam," he said. "I *shall* find her. However, the question is not that; it is as to the nature of the bargain which *we* are to make. This girl is heiress to the whole of the Carew property, and, in spite of you, will be declared so. Nevertheless, I am willing, for her sake, to arrange matters so that the family name shall remain unsullied. I will consent on her part——"

Lady Carew rose. Her form was dilated—her bosom panted with anger.

"This is insult, sir!" she cried; "I refuse to listen to it."

The Colonel stepped between her and the door.

"Stay, madam!" he said sternly.

"Good heavens! am I thus to be insulted in my own house?"

Her words almost choked her. Her face was lurid—her eyes distended.

"Madam!" said the Colonel, quietly; "you mistake. This house is Sir Mordaunt's—not yours. You must hear me; for if you refuse, by heavens it shall be your ruin!"

She sat down. She felt how impotent was her rage. So, for the present, she resolved to keep quiescent.

"I will consent on her part," he continued, "to give to your son Henri a competency to enable him to leave England, and live decently abroad; while you, on Sir Mordaunt's death, must leave England also, with your real husband."

"He is dead!" she faltered.

"That is false—you know it!" he cried. "You saw him but a few hours since!"

She started back aghast.

"*I* saw him—*here!*" she exclaimed. "Oh, no, it is impossible! He could not wish to ruin me!"

"He does not," said the Colonel quietly.

"Why then is he here?"

"At my invitation."

"Does he know me?"

"Yes."

"And what is *your* purpose?"

The Colonel smiled.

"Can you ask?"

"I do."

"He is here, because I desire him as a weapon against you."

"This is cowardly."

"No; merely justice. I have no need, as I said before, to make any terms with you. I am only willing to do so, because I wish justice to myself. I wish to be equally just to you, as others to me. Did I desire to ruin you and your son, I should be unworthy of receiving reward on behalf of one whom circumstances have made me regard as my special object of love."

Lady Carew eyed him curiously.

"Your words are strangely indistinct," she said; "and yet they seem to prove that you are concealing some thing."

"What have I to conceal?"

"I know not, except it be——"

"What?"

"That you are Wentworth Carew."

The Colonel smiled bitterly.

"I do not know," he said, "why you should regard me as a felon. Besides, I have already told you Wentworth Carew is dead."

Lady Carew thought a moment.

"And this man—this Henri le Morneaut, who calls himself my husband,—should *I* recognise him?"

"*That* I know not," said the Colonel. "Will you see him? Shall I send him to you?"

"Yes, yes!" returned Lady Carew. "After I have seen him I will give you my decision."

Colonel Marchmont rose and left the room.

"Ah!" he muttered, as he did so; "she thinks to buy him off. She will find herself in error."

In a few moments Lady Constance saw entering the room a man of gentlemanly appearance, dressed in perfect taste, and evidently a foreigner. She recognised him at once. He *was* her husband. Yet, though the sight of this man whom she had once loved chilled her blood and made her bosom heave with a variety of conflicting emotions, she preserved her command over her voice, and said with bitter scorn, "So *you* are Colonel Marchmont's accomplice in his precious scheme of villainy?"

Henri eyed her sternly.

"Madam," he said, "such words may do for the Colonel; he may think proper, or may deem it consistent with his plans to suffer you to address him thus: but I do not. There is no reason why I should listen to any language of the kind from you; and, once for all, I may tell you I will not. I am your husband, whatever I may have done. That one fact you will find it impossible to disprove, and it will be well for you, therefore, not to force me to claim you!"

Lady Constance understood at once that she was in his

power. She was too wise not fully to comprehend her position.

"Henri," she said, "we understand each other; let us make a compact."

"Of what nature?"

"A compact of secrecy."

He smiled.

"This might be all very well for you, madam," he said; "but for me it is unnecessary, and anything but advantageous."

"What then do you require?"

"Nothing," he said, quietly. "I shall remain quiescent until the Baronet dies. Then, as my son will probably inherit the property, either by being declared heir or by marrying Miss Alice Carew, I shall step in, declare myself, and live in clover to the end of the chapter."

"There is one difficulty."

"And that is——"

"I might disclose all prematurely."

The returned convict laughed—a loud, coarse laugh.

"Not you!" he said—"not you! I am willing to run that chance. And now, since you have seen me, and recognised me as your lawful spouse, I will say adieu, and leave you to con over the conditions of your treaty with the Colonel. Good morning, Lady Constance! Hang me! that sounds very funny! Lady Constance, by Jove!"

She watched him sternly, without answering, as he passed, with an ironical smile, from the room. Then she clenched her hands together, and looked out upon the cold, frosty country.

"Something must be done—something must be done!" she muttered within her lips. "These men, who are my only tormentors, must die! These once cleared from my path, I need fear nothing!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

BALL PLAY.

Matches Arranged.

JUNE 9.—Eagle vs. Atlantic, between amateur nines. Game called at 3 P. M., at Bedford, Brooklyn. Fulton Avenue cars go direct to the ground.

11.—Enterprise vs. Excelsior; fly game, on the Capitoline grounds. Game called at 3 P. M.

15.—Eureka vs. Empire. The first of a home and home series, at Hoboken, at 3 P. M.

27.—Mutual vs. Atlantic. First of a home and home series, at Hoboken, at 3 P. M.

30.—Empire vs. Atlantic, on the Capitola grounds, at Bedford, at 3 P. M.

—.—.Pennsylvania vs. New Jersey; return game, at Newark.

JULY 7.—Nassau, of Princeton, vs. Atlantic, at Bedford, at 2½ P. M.

THE PRIZE GAME ON THE ATLANTIC GROUNDS.

OWING to a refusal on the part of the Atlantic Club to play any but the bound game, the second prize game of the Union series, which took place on the Atlantic grounds on Tuesday, May 30th, was robbed of half its interest, and turned out to be little better than an ordinary practice game between the first nine of a club and the field. As these Union practice games were arranged for the purpose of testing the merits of the fly game, and are of great practical benefit to the club on whose grounds they are played, the action of the Atlantic nine on the occasion, in thus refusing to observe the rules laid down, just at a time when the game had to be played or the crowd disappointed, was, to say the least, an act of incivility and rudeness to the originator of the series anything but creditable to them, who ought to have afforded every facility to try the experiment, in view of the fact that it would benefit alike the club and the interests of the game.

It is very desirable that the fly game should be practically experimented upon, in order to test its merits as regards its alleged superiority to that of the bound, and no series of games would be better adapted for the purpose than these Union practice matches, in which no club interests are concerned, as regards the defeat or victory of the club nine.

Under the circumstances, comment on the display made by the respective contestants is out of place, and therefore we merely give the full score of the game, which is as follows:

BATTING.

ATLANTIC.	O.	R.	FIELD.	O.	R.
Smith, 3d b	1	7	Rogers, 2d b	3	0
Pearce, c	3	5	Waddell, 1st b	4	0
Start, 1st b	4	4	Bliss, c	3	2
Chapman, p	3	5	Norton, c f	4	0
Galvin, 3d b	3	6	Clyne, s s	2	3
Pratt, s s	1	7	McDiarmed, 3d b	3	1
S. Smith, l f	3	5	Lemon, l f	4	1
Elmendorf, c f	5	2	Kelly, p	2	2
Joe Oliver, r f	4	4	E. Smith, r f	2	2
Total	45		Total	11	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Atlantic	8	7	3	3	6	10	1	5	2	—45
Field	0	4	0	1	0	2	2	0	2	—11

Umpire—Mr. C. Bomeisler, of the Olympic Club, Philadelphia.
Scorer—Mr. Mowlem.
Passed Balls—Bliss, 4; Norton, 6; McDiarmed, 2; Pearce, 4; Smith, 2.
Home Runs—Joe Oliver, 1; Clyne, 1.
Fly Catches Made—Bliss, 4; Lemon, 2; Rogers, 2; Clyne, 2; Kelly, 1—total, 11. Smith, 3; Pearce, 2; Start, 1; S. Smith, 1—total, 7.
Catches Missed—Pearce, 2; Chapman. 1; Bliss, 7; Norton, 1; McDiarmed, 1; Rogers, 1.
Put Out on Bases—Field, 9 times; Atlantic, 12 times.
Put Out on Foul Balls—Field, 6 times; Atlantic, once.
Run Out—Bliss, by Galvin and Start.
Time of Game—Two hours and thirty-five minutes.
Mr. Charles Bomeisler, of the Olympic Club of Philadelphia, ably and impartially discharged the duties of Umpire on the occasion, and we were glad to see that he kept the pitchers up to the mark in delivering fair balls.

BASE BALL AT PEEKSKILL.—A ball match was played at Peekskill, N. Y., on the 28th ult., between the Liberty and Continental clubs of that place, of which the following is the score:—

BATTING.

LIBERTY.	H. L.	R.	CONTINENTAL.	H. L.	R.
Folger, c f	2	10	Paulding, 3d b	6	1
Strong, 3d b	2	10	E. L. Depew, l f	4	2
Arbuckle, p	3	9	Denike, 2d b	5	1
Slosson, r f	2	8	Lee, 1st b	4	3
Cole, c	3	11	T. G. Depew, r f	3	4
Wood, 2d b	1	7	Hinman, p	3	4
Foot, 1st b	3	4	Wilson, c	1	5
Herring, s s	3	8	Clark, s s	1	4
Haskell, l f	3	9			
Total	78		Total	24	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Liberty	4	21	9	13	6	9	7	2	7	—78
Continental	2	1	5	6	1	0	3	2	4	—24

Umpire—Mr. Gilberts, of the Cortlandt club.
Scorers—Messrs. Hillhouse and Jones.

PENNSYLVANIA VS. NEW JERSEY.—Messrs. Cleghorn of the Olympic Club of Philadelphia, and President Dawson of the Eurekas of Newark, have been in correspondence of late, in relation to the playing of the return games between the best nines of the above States, and the result is, that favorable arrangements are in progress with a view to having the contest take place at Newark this month.

In reference to the selection of the two sides, we presume those on the part of Pennsylvania will include Kleinfelder, McBride, Malone, Wilkins, T. Bomeisler, Richards, Woods, Frazer, etc., and those of New Jersey, Thomas, Northrup, Pennington, Mills, Tyrrel, Lewis, Osborne, Fisler, Henry, etc.

Three clubs on each side ought to be represented, and the selection of players made with a view solely of filling the respective positions most effectually without reference to which clubs they may belong to. In these amalgamated games, one of the great difficulties to be encountered is that afforded by the fact that each prominent club thinks that they can best fill the majority of the positions. The object of the Pennsylvanians should be solely to defeat their opponents, and not to make a match in which each club is to play as a club; and the Jerseymen should do the same, and make their best selection without reference to the number of players each club contributes.

THE EUREKA CLUB OF NEWARK.—This club will play their first game this season on the 15th inst., on which occasion they will visit Hoboken to play with the Empire Club. The Eurekas have recently had some excellent practice games on their grounds, and have displayed considerable skill in batting. Their fielding has always been of the best displayed, and this is chiefly owing to their style of practice, which other clubs would do well to adopt. The Eurekas always place their nine in their regular position on practice days, and play them on one side only, even if there be but three or four on the ground when sides are made up; hence their nine works well as a whole.

THE EMPIRE CLUB.—The Empires intend inaugurating match-playing at Hoboken this season. Their first game, we believe, will be with the Active Club on the 11th inst., on the Gotham's grounds. On the 15th, they play the Eurekas, at Hoboken, and on the 30th, the Atlantics, at Bedford, the last match being noteworthy from the fact that the clubs have not played together since 1858, in which year the Empires were successful, if we remember rightly, in two games. The Empires are stronger this season than they have been for several seasons past, and they will give their adversaries some trouble to defeat them.

EAGLE VS. ATLANTIC.—The amateurs of these clubs were disappointed in their game on May 26th, the rain preventing the playing of the match. It is to take place next Thursday, June 9th, at Bedford, we understand.

THE ECKFORD CLUB.—The third and last prize game of the series lately inaugurated is to be played on the grounds of this club on the 7th inst., on which occasion it is to be hoped a more interesting display of the beauties of the game will be made than on the previous occasion, when the bound rule was insisted upon by the Atlantics.

"THE WOMAN IN BLACK."—Men in black, as well as black men, we have in abundance, but now T. B. Peterson & Brothers, publishers, of 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, introduce us to "The Woman in Black," one of the characters in which is one of those she-devils we occasionally meet with in real life. The book is printed on good paper, with large, clear type, and extends to over 500 pages. It's worth reading. Price, in paper, $1 25.

The same publishers have recently issued "The Deformed," by Mrs. Marsh, and "The Red Track," by Gustave Aimard. F. A. Brady, 24 Ann street, is their New York agent.

"THE OUTCASTS."—There will be a great many outcasts when this cruel war is ended, depend upon it; but it is not of the future we intended to speak: we meant to refer to Miss Braddon's new work called "The Outcasts," which has just come before the public in brown paper covers, for 75 cents per copy. Dick & Fitzgerald, New York, are the publishers. It is good for summer reading and dull days.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1864.

REMOVAL.

THE Office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

To Correspondents.

CLAY & COSACK, Buffalo, N. Y.—1. Your ad. will be $4 per month. 2. Joe Coburn was born in the village of Middletown, Parish of Tyrone, County Armagh, Ireland, on the 20th of July, 1835; stands 5 feet 9 inches in his stocking feet; weighs, in condition, 154 lbs; fought Ed. Price, purse of $300. May 1st, 1856, Still Pond, Mass., 161 rounds, 3 hours 20 minutes, a draw; beat Harry Gribbin, $500 a side, Nov. 18, 1855, Canada, 21 rounds 30 minutes; beat Mike McCoole, $1000 a side, May 5, 1863, Charlestown, Cecil Co., Md., 67 rounds 1 hour 10 minutes.

C. AND D., Fonda.—"1. Four persons are playing rounce, sixes are trumps, A leads six-four, B has six-five and six-blank. Is B bound to play his six-five or can he play six-blank? 2. If three persons are playing, is a man obliged to trump after trick until he uses up all his trumps in case he is the winner of all the tricks, or is it optional with him, after he has two tricks, whether he leads trumps or not?".....1. He can play six-blank. 2. He must trump after every trick.

CONSTANT READER, U. S. S. Freeborn.—1. A can take points in cribbage for as many cards as may be played in a sequence providing they do not overrun thirty-one. 2. Sullivan's King makes his flush the highest, and he "rakes the pot." 3. C was right about the missile ycleptBoomerang, and the skill of the native Australians in the use of the same.

C. C. M., Marlboro, Mass.—1. Ned Price fought a draw with Joe Coburn and beat Australian Kelly. 2. Tom Hyer defeated Country McCleester and Yankee Sullivan. 3. Con Fitzgerald licked Hugh Kelly and Ned Wilson. 4. Yes; at 6 cents apiece. 5. The Careless Boy has never fought a prize fight to our knowledge.

HOBOKEN.—We really cannot give you the information you seek. We presume the Broxville Cricket Club was merely a summer organization; if not, perhaps this paragraph will be seen by its Secretary, who will please send his address to this office for the benefit of this correspondent.

I. AM, Washington.—1. She was married to John and divorced. 2. The New Bowery in this city will hold more people than any other place of amusement in this country. 3. She has been married, but is now a widow. 4. The CLIPPER has the larger circulation of the two.

HATTIE C., Chillicothe, Ohio.—1. The Carter Zouave Troupe was the sketch in our issue of May 14th. 2. Maggie Mitchell's biography was published March 15th, 1862. 3. We received your letter for Mrs. John Wood, and it was delivered at the box office of her theatre.

G. W. B., Chicago.—"1. Did Ethan Allen and mate, in a match with Flora Temple, trot one mile in 2:19¾? 2. What is the best trotting time ever made by a stallion, and what was his name?".....1. Yes. 2. By Geo. N. Patchen in 2:26 to wagon, and in 2:23½ in harness.

J. D. T., Navy Yard, Philadelphia.—The Harriet Lane was built in this city by Webb, the famous ship builder. It was constructed expressly for the revenue service, and was one of the first used during Surveyor Hart's "regime."

J. H., South Boston.—1. Jem Mace never beat Mike Madden; he forfeited to Ould Mike the first time, and bolted on the morning of fighting the second. 2. We do not know the present whereabouts of Alf. Walker.

J. R. S., Springfield, O.—The Persia made the trip from New York to the bar off Liverpool in 9 days, 1 hour, 30 minutes, real time, the distance sailed in that time according to the steamer's log, being 3065 miles.

GEO. W. WISMER, Georgetown, D. C.—1. Your $1.50 received; postage, if paid by us, will be two cents for each copy, if paid by you at the office of delivery, less than one cent for each copy. 2. Feb. 25, 1855.

HARRY P. W., Williamsburgh.—1. After the second trump had been turned up, B and C could not "bunch 'em" without the consent of A. 2. The lowest deals. 3. The ace is the lowest card under those circumstances.

SANDY HOOK.—As the nuts were used as counters or checks and represented money, he who issued them should redeem them at the value stated, viz., five cents.

H. A. D., Decatur, Ala.—"Did a horse named Trouble ever trot twenty miles within the hour, or in sixty consecutive minutes, on any course on Long Island?".....No.

J. B., Youngstown.—Very much obliged to you, but the matter is hardly adapted to our paper. Not much *piety* in the crowd we think.

P. T., Philadelphia.—Ben and Bob Caunt were both in this country, but Ben never fought here; Bob fought Yankee Sullivan and got whipped.

PALATINE, N. Y.—1. You can have them arrested for trespass. 2. We cannot recollect the details of the statute; you had better apply to some lawyer.

J. A. L., Portland, Me.—Address Fowler & Wells, publishers, 389 Broadway.

JACK SPENCER.—Where are you, Jack? "Types" and the "Fudgins" would like to hear from you.

FRANK WHITTAKER.—The Bowery Theatre was burned down the last time on Friday evening, April 25, 1845, about dusk.

E. VINEACE, Shirley Village.—1. You will find our advertising rates in another column. 2. Your paper is mailed every week.

E. G. H., Harrisburg, Pa.—By keeping your eye on our summary, you will soon learn the whereabouts of the company.

Z. Z. W., Lockport.—We can do no better than refer you to our rates published in another column.

W. C., Rouses Point.—Address Sam. Southern, No. 42 Scammel street, N. Y.

BOX 314, Philadelphia.—Your advertisement was omitted by mistake. Corrected this week.

OLD SALT.—"He died long ago, long ago." His widow is still upon the stage.

BENJ. C. T., Philadelphia.—Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, of No. 18 Ann street, N. Y., are the publishers.

WAUKEGAN.—The custom is different in different localities; we hold, however, that C must first secure A and B's consent.

BORDEAUX WINE COMPANY.—In playing Don Pedro, you must either follow suit or trump.

A. A. R., Rochester.—We have no influence in that direction. Your better plan would be to make personal application.

ROB ROY.—Having bet on an idea, and that a fallacious one, you must abide the penalty, and pay the money.

JAMES P. H., Brooklyn.—Keep your eye on our circus summary each week, and you will discover the route of the company.

RICHMOND.—Neither C nor A can play it alone after D has made the trump.

RACKET, Toronto.—You can get Racket Balls at Heinrick's in Broadway, price $24 per gross.

FRAUD, Camden.—We are not aware that there are any parties in Philadelphia who teach jig dancing, etc.

P. P. P., Detroit.—We do not know of the party you mention. He never advertised with us.

JULIUS BIRDSVILLE, Chicago.—Billy West is at the Canterbury, Washington.

FRIEND.—The lady is at present in this city, laying idle.

T. B. H., East Brookfield.—He is at present in this city.

E. Z. B.—We should judge Ottignon to be about 280 lbs.

OWL.—Johnny Mackey.

CENTRAL FAIR.

IN Philadelphia, nearly all interest is centred in the Great Central Fair, which is to be opened to the public on Tuesday, June 7th; on which day the inaugural ceremonies will take place. The Fair Buildings, which have been erected in Logan Square, are an improvement upon those used for the New York Fair, being larger, better ventilated, and laid out with greater taste. The picture gallery, which is built of brick, runs the entire length of the block from 18th to 19th street, being about the distance from Fifth to Sixth Avenue in New York. In the centre of the buildings is a high arch, running the same length, from east to west, which will be beautifully arranged with trees, evergreens, flowers, etc. For months past the citizens have been using every effort to ensure the success of the Fair; with a laudable ambition to even surpass the Fair held in New York, contributions of money and material have been pouring in upon the committee for weeks past, almost all classes of the community assisting in various ways. Private theatricals have been given by many of the aristocratic families; tableaux, concerts, and every species of amusement have been started by private individuals to assist in swelling the receipts of the Central Fair. Workmen have given the proceeds of a day's labor, railroads the receipt of a day's traffic, storekeepers, merchants, public officials, etc., a day's income each, and all this before the Fair is thrown open. The increase to the population of the Quaker City is expected to be very large during the continuance of the exhibition, and the hotels, boarding-houses, and even private houses will be taxed to their utmost to accommodate the thousands of strangers who will visit the city. Instead of a Knickerbocker Kitchen, as in New York, our Philadelphia friends will have a William Penn Kitchen and Parlor, with all the old time fixings and furniture necessary to give the rooms a real Quakerly appearance. Judging from what we have seen of the buildings, of the decorations, of the contributions, and of the general disposition of the various departments and sub-departments, we incline to the opinion that the Great Central Fair of Philadelphia will surpass in interest the Great Metropolitan Fair of New York. The receipts, we fear, will not be equal to the sum realised in the latter city, which, at last accounts, amounted to *one million one hundred thousand dollars!* with more to come. We shall be most agreeably surprised, however, if Philadelphia oversizes this big pile.

THE SITUATION.

IT looks good. Lee having succeeded in chasing and driving Grant from the Rapidan to the Chickahominy, in view of Richmond, is supposed to have "got him just where he wants him." Grant *might* have got out of Lee's way by flanking him and going back toward Washington, but his obliging disposition induced him to go on, and to follow the line which the rebel General had marked out for him. Lee, in a like obliging spirit, remained in his works while Grant was working into line—just as a reliable friend will turn his back while a guest is helping himself to a glass of good brandy—and in this courteous manner the two armies passed the time occupied in reaching the "rebelluous" capital. After each army has had a fair resting spell, it is probable that Lee will again get behind Grant, chase him out of Virginia altogether, and drive him into North Carolina. This information we gather from a well-informed, extremely reliable contraband, who has been with Gen. Lee and Jeff. Davis ever since the war began. We herewith present a life-like picture of our intelligent, dark-complected friend, taken on the spot by our own special artist:—

INTELLIGENT CONTRABAND.

This news is confirmed by a later contraband, who informs us that the people of Richmond were so incensed at the idea of chasing Grant through that happy city, that they threatened to put the Mayor in the Tombs if he permitted it. The Mayor, in reply, said he would sooner let Grant pass in quietly. This news is highly important, and in honor of our informant we give her likeness.

PICTURE OF THE WOMAN AS SHE APPEARED BRINGING LATER NEWS.

And yet still later intelligence reaches us to the effect that Richmond is on fire, for the purpose of lighting Grant on his way. A nigger from Lee's camp says they had a "dispute" on the 3d inst., Lee urging Grant to move a trifle closer up to Richmond; Grant didn't want to go without his things, so the rebel *drove* him across the Chickahominy, much nearer to the city. This is vouched for by the following gentleman, whose portrait we have had engraved at a good deal of expense.

RELIABLE GENTLEMAN WITH A BUNDLE OF FACTS.

Events multiply so fastly, that we can scarcely keep up with them. We have news from Butler's army up to 5 o'clock to-morrow morning, at which time the rebels under Beauregard would make another assault on our line, and would be repulsed with fearful slaughter, while our loss would only be one dead Nigger. This can be relied on. The contraband who brings us this news has not yet reached here, but sent the information by a courier, wellmounted. We give portraits of our correspondents:

MOUNTED COURIER, IN ADVANCE.

THE COMING CORRESPONDENT, IN THE DISTANCE.

These are not mere idle ru[illegible]; but are authenticated by the well-known sign manual (X) of the parties whose pictures our artists have been kind enough to send us.

Another "quarrel" is reported to have taken place on the 5th between Messrs. Grant and Lee, who do not get along so amicably as they did in their earlier intercourse. The "difficulty" originated in this wise: Grant having rested himself, sent word to Lee that he was now ready to be chased again, and that he should start at an early hour; Lee promptly responded that he was too tired at present, and furthermore that he would like to change the route. Grant made the following characteristic reply:—"Mr. Lee—I'm bound to run all night, I'm bound to run all day. I intend to beat you out of sight, and run it out on this line if it takes all the dog days to do it in." From words they soon came to blows, Lee having the best of it, and leaving his dead and wounded on Grant's hands. It may not be contraband to state that a grand movement is on foot to * * * * *. This startling but important news is brought to the *Philadelphia Inquirer* by one of its correspondents, who made his way in a terrible storm to the rear of the army and its communications just as the movement commenced.

CORRESPONDENT OF THE "INQUIRER," IN THE STORM, WITH IMPORTANT NEWS.

We shall continue to give the latest news that transpires, having engaged a numerous army of reliable correspondents to follow the two pedestrian *corps* in their race, and report the latest from the rear.

WILL HEENAN EVER EXPLAIN THE WADHURST MYSTERY?—We are getting sick and tired of the mysterious manner in which John C. Heenan has acted ever since his fight with King. Although some of his most intimate friends have written to him, as well as ourselves, requesting some kind of an explanation, he refuses to give any whatever. If he was drugged we should like to know it, and if the fight was sold, we should like to have the matter sifted through and through until everything connected with the affair is brought to light. John has had one, and only one exhibition since the fight, which wouldn't realize enough to enable him to keep race horses, as we are given to understand he does. His brother James cannot or will not throw any light on this subject, and the *Illustrated Sporting News* has the following startling paragraph:

"As regards the Man of Troy, John C. Heenan, it is reported there are the best possible assurances that he will never re-enter the roped arena, or return to the States, and *that no explanation will ever emanate from himself as to the issue of the unfortunate battle of Wadhurst.*"

If this is to be the case, the sooner his friends understand him the better it will be for their own interests in the future. Like murder, it will out some day, and the reaction against Heenan will come like an avalanche.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA.—This regatta was postponed from Thursday, the 2d inst., to the following day on account of unfavorable weather; and fortunate it was that they did so, for Friday was a most beautiful day, the attendance was large, particularly of the fair sex, the scene a brilliant one, and the whole affair a success. A full report will be found in another column.

RACE AND SAIL BOATS, of the fleetest kind, are built by that experienced boatman, Stephen Roberts, of Harlem. He has built most of the boats used by the American Champion, James Hamill, and is now constructing another shell for him, as well as two new six-oared boats for Yale College. Mr. Roberts' address will be found in an advertisement in another column.

THE P. R. IN ENGLAND.

WITH the exception of a few minor matches, the P. R. of England is in a quiet state. The arrival of Coburn was anxiously looked for at last advices; he should have reached Liverpool on the 26th or 27th of May, but as we are not yet in receipt of the mails of those dates, we are unable to state whether he had reached there or not. His purpose was, as he originally stated in his proposition, to meet Mace at *Bell's Life* office, London, on the 31st of May, to sign articles, and perfect the preliminary arrangements for having the proposed match carried on in an amicable and sportsman-like manner. Mace has been in Ireland, giving exhibitions, and popularising himself with the inhabitants, in anticipation of the merry mill soon to take place upon Irish soil, and in which he will act a prominent part. Coburn will also soon make or renew the acquaintance of his countrymen, so that by the time the day of battle comes round, both men will have pretty thoroughly canvassed the principal cities of the "ould counthry," and ingratiated themselves into the favor of the bold sons of Erin.

There is a good deal of talk upon the subject of the coming encounter, and it is increasing every day. Those who were first disposed to ridicule the idea of Coburn undertaking a match with the Champion of England, and who predicted that he would never leave these shores for that purpose, are now somewhat more liberal in their views, and accord Coburn every credit for the first important step toward the consummation of the great event. There are plenty, nevertheless, who insist that although Coburn and Mace may come together on paper, they will never meet as belligerents in the ring—that there will be no fight between them, and this opinion they are always ready to back up with money. The pugs, as a general thing, believe that if a fight ensues, Mace will have an easy thing of it, and carry off the prize without any extraordinary exertion on his part. But our pugilistic friends are not always correct in their prognostications. When Heenan fought Sayers, they had no idea that Heenan would have the ghost of a chance; and when he fought King, they believed the chances were *all* in his favor. And now, they claim that Mace will win easily, and that Coburn will not make as good a display over there as he has made in his contests at this end of the ferry. Coburn has not been at all boastful touching his meeting with Mace; he knows too much about the scientific abilities of the man he is to encounter, not to feel that he has no easy task before him; he is fully aware that Mace is a finished sparrer, a hard hitter, and quick and active with his hands and feet; he knows, furthermore, that he is fully alive to all the little tricks and strategy that go far towards ensuring success. We presume he is equally posted concerning Jem's weak points, of which there are not a few in the English Champion's composition. With his knowledge of the merits of the representative of the English P. R., Coburn considers his adversary a very formidable one, and will prepare himself accordingly. We expect him to make a good fight, whether he wins or loses; he told us just before starting that he would do his best to secure the victory in an honorable manner, and that he had good reasons for believing that success might attend his efforts. Mace is now, and probably will be the favorite until the match is decided; the friends of the Englishman are ready to lay 2 to 1 on the man of their choice, but so far very little speculation has taken place. When articles of agreement shall have been signed, and one or two more deposits made good, betting will exhibit more animation, and the adherents of Coburn may be induced to accept the liberal odds offered them. In next week's CLIPPER we may be enabled to announce the arrival of Coburn in London, and the final settlement upon the terms of agreement.

The King and Heenan excitement has subsided; the affair is but little spoken of now; and though the seeming mystery which attended this contest remains unsolved, the opinion has settled down to a conviction that John C. Heenan is not guiltless of wilful complicity in his own defeat. It is a remarkable fact that Heenan has never once publicly complained that injustice was done him in that fight; neither has he once publicly asserted that he was dosed, or that he was betrayed by seconds, trainers, or backers; he may have so expressed himself privately, and we believe he did so hint to parties about leaving England for New York; but we are not aware that he has yet uttered the first public word of complaint in England. When he was wronged in his fight with Tom Sayers, and he knew that he had been wronged, the London press teemed with his complaints day after day; the injuries that he had suffered were largely dwelt upon, and the disconsolate man had to employ a clerk to write him up. We *all* know that he had not been justly treated in that contest—he knew it better than any one else; and, so feeling, he complained of injustice through the public press. In regard to his defeat at the hands of King, he has not uttered a word of complaint. If he had not lost fairly on his merits, or if he had been betrayed by his own friends, or "dosed" by friends of the opposite party, is it to be supposed that he would have remained silent thus long? Six months have now elapsed since the fight at Wadhurst, and in all that time the mouth of Heenan has been sealed. Some enemies of Jack McDonald attempted to create the impression that Heenan had been betrayed by him, but those insinuations were boldly met by McDonald, and their falsity and his innocence made clearly manifest. It was ascertained that *at Heenan's own request* his trainers—McDonald and Jim Heenan—did not accompany him to the house of his backer in London. Why has Heenan never explained his motives for wishing to be left alone at such an important time? Weighing all the circumstances, no other conclusion can be arrived at than that during Heenan's stay in London, and in the absence of McDonald, the plan was arranged by which King was to win the battle, and the friends of the American defrauded of their money. We believe Jack McDonald to be entirely innocent of wrong in the Heenan and King match, but we cannot, under all the circumstances, say the same of John C. Heenan.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.—Since our last we have received no intimation of Hamill's intentions, nor any response to Ward's last proposition. As the sculling season is upon us, but little time should be wasted before completing preliminaries, and as the difference between the two heroes, Hamill and Ward, in regard to coming to terms is so slight, there is very little use in wasting precious moments in the trivial occupation of "splitting hairs." Wards friends have the soap on hand ready to put up, but do not wish to give up all the points, and think that as the race is to take place on the Monongahela, it is but right that they should have a voice in selecting the course on said river. At all events, after having the match so nearly arranged, it is but proper that Hamill should avoid keeping the aquatic world in suspense. Let the match be made. To facilitate business we will guarantee a prompt delivery of any communication Hamill may forward to either Ward or one of his backers, so that valuable time may not be lost.

OUT OF DOOR SPORTS are now in season, and our turfites, base ball players, cricketers, scullers, yachtsmen, piscators, and other classes of sportsmen are busying their brains and bodies in planning and executing various events of an interesting and exciting nature. The NEW YORK CLIPPER, which is the accepted organ and authority for all of the above and "more too," gives publicity to everything in regard to the same, either past, present, or future, both of sports at home as well as abroad. In this week's issue will be found interesting information of the doings and sayings in most of the above departments, as well as theatrical news and other interesting matter. The CLIPPER sets sail every Tuesday A. M. with a full and valuable freight for all parts of the United States and the remainder of the civilized world, and all sportsmen should get one of its freight lists every week, at the low cost of six cents. "The anchor's weighed" for the week ending June 11.

THE AMERICAN BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH takes place on Thursday evening of this week, June 9th, at the Hippotheatron, in Fourteenth street.

THE PATERSON RACE MEETING.

During the present week the New Jersey carnival of racing is being held at Paterson. The best and fleetest thoroughbreds in America will meet together to contend for the sovereignty of the turf, and the rich purses which the liberality of the managers have offered as the guerdons of the victors in the various races. The comfort and convenience of the vistors, and especially of the ladies who patronise the meeting, for whom special and excellent accommodation is provided, is a point to which the directors devote particular consideration. The tariff of admission is adapted to the pockets of all classes, from the working artisan to the sporting millionaire. The unimpeachable characters of the owners of the terribly highbred horses that contend for the various races, give assurance to the public of the *bona fide* nature of the equine contests which they witness, and they do not hesitate to evince their interest in the exciting struggles by investing their greenbacks on their favorite horses. The race for the Jersey Derby, for three years olds only, is regarded as the most exciting contest that has ever been witnessed on the American turf, bringing together as it does the flower of our fleetest thoroughbreds, the progeny of the great son of Boston, the world famous Lexington, Ringold, Revenue, Mahomet, Vandal, and the imported English racers; Eclipse, Bonnie Scotland, and Knight of St. George, to contend for superiority in speed, fleetness and endurance on the turf. A larger field is anticipated to start for this race, than has ever before been witnessed in America, and the interest felt in the issue, may be judged from the fact that nearly half a million dollars is estimated to be dependent on the fiat of the judges.

THE EPSOM DERBY.

Just as we are going to press, we have received intelligence of the result of the great English three year old race, the Epsom Derby. It was won by Mr. William Ianson's Blair Athol, by Stockwell out of Blink Bonnie. General Peel (the winner of the 2,000 guineas) second, and Scottish Chief third. Thirty horses started.

SWORD CONTEST.—Another farce, in the shape of a sword contest, after the plan of the New York affair, is to be one of the features of the Philadelphia Fair. The man who has the most monied influence will get the trophy.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—A grand rifle match for the benefit of the United States Sanitary Commission, is to take place at Washington Retreat, near Philadelphia, on the 21st and 22d of the present month, under the management of the Philadelphia Rifle Club. There are to be four or more prizes awarded to the successful shots, the first prize being a Washington gold medal, and the others medals of silver. There will be six targets placed at a distance of 500 feet from the place of shooting. The club will use every exertion to make the contest one of the most interesting of the kind ever witnessed. The tariff for shooting will be one dollar a pop.

THE TURF.—In our regular "Turf" department will be found details of several good trotting matches which took place on Long Island last week.

AQUATIC.

Race, Sail, and Fishing Boats.
BUILT IN THE BEST STYLE,
AT THE
BOAT BUILDING ESTABLISHMENT
OF
STEPHEN ROBERTS,
114th STREET AND AVENUE A,
Harlem River, New York.
Hamill's champion shell boat was built at this establishment. Boats of all kinds on hand for sale. 9-3m

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB'S
Fifteenth Annual Regatta, on June 3d.
THE "MAGIC," "JULIA," "ANNIE," AND "NETTLE" THE RESPECTIVE WINNERS.
SPLENDID WEATHER AND A GOOD DAY'S SPORT.

THE day originally fixed for this great aquatic event, Thursday, June 2d, was not [illegible] in torrents, playing sad havoc with everybody's prospects. Although the yachtmen themselves cared little for wind or weather, and if they were the only parties interested would have risked a race under the most adverse circumstances, they have a due regard to the wishes and pleasure of the gentler sex, and therefore postponed the race until the following day, Friday, June 3d. On the original day, the stake-boat and all the boats which were to run, were in their places, and the club steamer "Matteawan" was also in its place; but the rain which was falling prevented nearly all the members of the Club and their friends from going on board. Only half a dozen fair ones were willing to face the pitiless storm, and as "when a lady's in the case all others must give place," it was deemed the better plan to put off the race until the next day, which plan met with no remonstrance, "not from nobody" as our friend in exile would say.

The dawning of the day following showed the good sense of the members in having put it forward, the morning opening delightfully, giving every promise of a fine day. Old Sol tempered his rays mildly, while Boreas couldn't have been more accommodating with his breezes had he been bribed to have the wind just so. With such a glorious day, it was almost a pity that more notice was not given of the affair, and another steamboat chartered, as hundreds would have liked to have participated, who knew little if anything about it until the day after the fair. The steamer "Matteawan," handsomely decorated with flags and streamers, lay at the foot of Twentieth street and North River, nearly opposite the Club House, Elysian Fields, Hoboken, and as early as 9 o'clock, in anticipation of a rush, and to regulate matters, "those young chaps dressed in blue" yclept Metropolitans, with their thousand a year, all sizes, from the five foot nothing snapping turtle to the tall and stately member of the Broadway Squad, specially detailed for that purpose, were on dock instead of on deck, keeping the gangways clear for the "beauty and fashion," who came not on foot, but in "wechicles," as Sam Weller had it. As the carriages drove up fair matrons and maidens stepped forth, escorted by their cavaliers, among whom might be recognised many of our wealthiest citizens, and in coming to and fro the line of carriages was visible for two or three blocks. As this steamer was chartered expressly for the Club members and their friends, the Committee were kept busy examining the tickets for an hour or so, but no "queer" pasteboard being discovered, their was no occasion for the services of the M. P.'s, and at 10 o'clock the lines were cut loose, and the band striking up a patriotic air, the "Matteawan" steamed away towards the Jersey shore, where the yachts were anchored in the stream. As this steamer disappeared, another one, the "Meta," chartered by the members of the Club for the accommodation of the Press-gang, or gentleman of the fourth estate, and any other persons who desired to witness the race, came alongside the pier and took on its load of humans, stopping but a very short time, as a majority of its passengers had got aboard at Christopher street, and although there was a good party on the pier to see the start, but few of their number left the dock, and getting tired of waiting for customers, the "Meta," too, soon left her moorings to meet the yachts. The Hudson was dotted with a number of smaller craft, while on the piers assembled the timetied and those short of Abraham's issue, bound to see part of the race, if they couldn't accompany the voyageurs. The stake-boat was anchored about a hundred yards from the Jersey shore, the nine competing boats (the Alarm, Nautilus, and Plover being withdrawn), neatly rigged and handsomely painted, lay in four rows. The following were the entries:—

SLOOPS, SECOND CLASS, MEASURING 900 FEET AND UNDER.
(Allowance of time, one second and thirty-five hundredths per square foot.)

No.	Names.	Owners.	Area.	No. of Crew.	Start. M. S.
1.	Alarm	A. M. Cahoone	675.5	7	5 0
2.	Nautilus	A. Wagstaff	689.6	7	3 41
3.	Narragansett.	F. G. Dexter	740.6	8	3 32

the sails to catch the slight breeze, which was supposed to be from the northeast, and the boats, starting at the same moment, dropped slowly down the stream, the "Annie" getting the lead. Immediately afterwards the light motion of the air ceased altogether. The tide, however, was ebbing; otherwise the race would would have been suspended then and there. The boats moved slowly till they came near Stevens' Point, one or two hundred yards from the place of starting, when a new element entered into the contest. The tide was more rapid near the Point than elsewhere, and the boatmen, who appeared to discover the fact at the same moment, attempted all together to get into the current. The strife was evidently spirited; some of the boatmen not engaged, pronounced it, in their phrase, "splendid;" but, for want of propelling power, it was not very effective. In the course of the manœuvres, the "Narragansett" got ahead of her companions, and the "Richmond" was last. The boats disappeared behind the Point. Two or three minutes after the start of these boats, the larger sloops—"Nettle," "Whitewing" and "Geraldine" —were signalled off. The tide bore them along; and the "Nettle," which was nearest the shore, and had the greatest advantage of the current, led; the "Whitewing," that lay by her side, came next; and the "Geraldine," which was outside, was last. This order was maintained. Then the schooners "Julia" and "Juniatta" started—the latter at first taking the lead, but the former, having the aid of the current, afterwards getting ahead. The schooners drifted together for a time, when the "Juniata," a new boat, outsailed the "Julia." The last in the race, though the largest of the boats competing, was the "Magic." She followed the "Julia" and "Juniata" closely.

When abreast of Jersey City, a strong breeze to the southward sprung up, putting new life into the white-winged craft and speeding them on at a spanking gait, the "Narragansett" and "Annie" taking the lead, but the better seamanship of the crew of the former enabled "Annie" to pass her rival just before reaching Governor's Island, when the fleet stretched away, each yacht striving for every advantage the smart breeze afforded. At the Robin's Reef stakeboat the yachts rounded in the following order:

Annie.....11:40	White Wing.....11:51½
Narragansett.....11:43	Nettle.....11:52½
Richmond.....11:44½	

The Owl's Head flag-boat was rounded in the same order about fifteen minutes later, the others being too far in the rear to be noted. The contest now began for the Buoy at the south-west Spit, some eight miles distant from Owl's Head and exactly ten and three-quarter miles from Robin's Reef Light. The steamboats arrived first, opposite Buoy No. 10, where they took up their positions, and shortly afterwards the yachts rounded the Buoy in the subjoined order and time:

	H.	M.	S.
Annie	1	21	30
Richmond	1	30	00
Narragansett	1	34	48
White Wing	1	38	10
Nettle	1	40	52
Geraldine	1	45	05
Magic	1	45	31
Julia	1	54	54
Juniata	2	08	24

The fresh breeze had given the pleasure-goers a rare appetite, and as the passengers were summoned to dinner immediately after half the journey had been accomplished, just about that time the "cold collation" received a vigorous attack by the press fellers, which was renewed time and again until the free lunchers had their fill. On the club-boat, the "dejeuner" was served up under the auspices of Siro Delmonico, and they no doubt fared sumptuously.

On the home-stretch the breeze was still more favorable than before, and the sailing qualities of the different craft were fully developed. The yachts were sped on in almost a straight course through the Narrows, and the "Magic," which was most skilfully handled, gradually passed the "Richmond," "White Wing," "Geraldine," "Nettle," and "Narragansett," and became the next follower to the "Annie." They were all going at such a lively pace that it was with difficulty the "Meta" could keep up with the slowest vessel in the fleet, until as the run across from Owl's Head to Robins' Reef was made, the steamboat had an opportunity of catching up by keeping on a straight course, and managed to keep ahead the remainder of the journey. While passing Fort Layfayette, the excursionists had an opportunity of seeing the "Dead Beat," "Howard, of the *Times*," author of the Sumpter proclamation, who was airing himself on the corridors. The sensationizer gracefully waved his handkerchief in response to similar salutes from some of the passengers, but his fun was nipped in the bud by two guards escorting him out of sight. The vessels arrived at the stake-boat, opposite the Club House, at Hoboken, in the following order and time:—

	H.	M.	S.
Second class sloop Annie	3	59	20
First class schooner Magic	4	7	1
Second class sloop Narragansett	4	11	26
Second class sloop Richmond	4	11	55
First class sloop Nettle	4	15	26
First class sloop White Wing	4	15	28
Second class schooner Julia	4	17	56
First class sloop Geraldine	4	18	15
First class schooner Juniata	4	26	30

The route taken was from a flag boat anchored abreast of the Club House at Hoboken, and the course was as usual, down the bay, past Staten Island, through the Narrows to the Southwest Spit Buoy, and back again, passing and rounding a flag boat stationed off Robin's Reef, another anchored off Owl's Head, Long Island, and a third off Governor's Island, both going and returning. There was a prize valued at $150 for each class of yachts. The result of the race leaves the "Julia" the winning yacht of her class; the "Magic" of the schooners, first class; the "Annie" of the sloops, second class; and the "Nettie" of the sloops, first class. The "Annie" was loudly cheered by the spectators as she came in, and sailed triumphantly around the steamers. The "Narragansett" and "Richmond came in so near together that only a neat sailing manœuvre gave precedence to the former. The winning vessels were greeted by the loud applause of the assemblage. Considerable enthusiasm was got up on the "Matteawan," owing to the presence on board of the lady in whose honor the "Annie" was named. Last year the yacht "Annie" was nowhere in the race. It is but justice to add, that the "Juniata" was built in Philadelphia, scarcely six weeks having elapsed since her keel was laid. In coming to this city she was fouled by a schooner, broke her bowsprit, and was otherwise so injured that her sailing qualities cannot be properly determined by her performance in this regatta. To Messrs. E. M. Brandt and Chas. Haswell, Jr., the representatives of the press were indebted for the courtesies tendered them. At a quarter to five the passengers on the "Matteawan" and "Meta" debarked at the starting point, well pleased with the day's sport, as nothing whatever happened to mar the festivities of the occasion.

The following are the present officers of the N. Y. Yacht Club: —Commodore, Edwin A. Stevens; Vice Commodore, Ambrose C. Kingsland; Secretary, Hamilton Morton; Treasurer, Robert S. Hine; Measurer, Charles S. Haswell; Surgeon, Dr. G. F. Woodward.

THE ALBANY BOAT RACE for the championship of that locality appears to have collapsed, at least for the time being. One of our exchanges, the *Knickerbocker*, says in reference thereto:— "The race for the silver belt has 'ended in smoke.' Mr. Sawyer, who challenged any man in Albany to row for the championship, has 'backed down' and refuses to row, leaving Mr. Hills as the only remaining entry. The Trustees will order the latter to row over the course, and, upon his compliance, will give him the belt." The course taken by the Trustees is, we think, quite just and proper; but Hills, like a man of pluck and muscle, don't want the belt without a contest, and therefore authorizes the publication of the following manly proposition:— "A card appeared in the *Journal* of June 1st, signed by Theodore Sawyer, in which he stated that he declined rowing in the race of June 1st, because of the great difference in length, weight, &c., between his boat and that of Mr. Hills. We are authorized to state that Mr. Hills will willingly *exchange boats*, and row Mr. Sawyer a race any time within a week. Furthermore, he will waive all claim to the Belt as being a worthless prize unless won in a race; and, although allowed a month's notice by the regulations, will immediately put it in the hands of the Trustees, to be awarded to Mr. Sawyer if he wins the proposed race." If Sawyer don't "toe the scratch" after such a defi, he had better put up his sculls, and talk no more about rowing for the championship of Albany.

P.S.—Since the above was written, we have learned that Sawyer agrees to Hill's proposition to exchange boats, and, it is said, the race will be sure to take place on Thursday, June 9, at 6 P. M. We were of the opinion that Sawyer would find Hill's offer rather uphill work to get over without accepting. The judges are Messrs. J. C. Cuyler, and Wm. H. Haskell; and the referee is R. V. De Witt, Jr.

THE TURF.

SPRING RACE MEETING,
PATERSON, N. J.
TUESDAY 7th, WEDNESDAY 8th, and THURSDAY 9th of June.

FIRST DAY—Purse $200, mile heats. THE JERSEY DERBY of $1000, $50 ent., P. P., 1½ mile dash, 32 entries. POST STAKE of $500, $100 ent., P. P., two mile heats, 5 subscribers.

SECOND DAY—THE UNDERWOOD GIFT of $2000, mile dash. THE NURSERY STAKES of $200, 100. hf. ft., 7 entries. PURSE of $400, three mile dash. SELLING RACE of $300, mile and a quarter dash.

THIRD DAY—THE SEQUEL STAKES of $300, $100 ent., half ft., two mile dash, 15 entries. POST STAKE of $800, three mile heats, $100 ent., P. P., 4 subs. PURSE of $200 for beaten horses, mile and a quarter dash.

N. B.—No gambling will be allowed on the course. No liquors sold, and no intoxicated person admitted on the grounds.

Badges entitling the holder to any of the club stands, and Quarter Stretches, $5 for the meeting, or $2 for one day.

Ladies' Tickets to Club Stand (sold only to members and badge holders), $1 each day.

Visitors can reach the course by Erie Railway trains foot of Chambers street. The EXTRA TRAIN at 11:45 A. M., runs direct to the course, returning immediately after the races each day.

R. B. CHISWELL, Secretary,
6-10 No. 111 Main street, Paterson.

TROTTING ON THE UNION COURSE, L. I.—BLACK WARRIOR VS. WIDOW WILSON.—During the past week this favorite track has been the scene of one of the best trotting contests of the present season. We allude to the sweepstakes trot for $1300, between the New York, Philadelphia and Boston equine representatives, Lady Emma, Dan Mace and May Queen. The day previous to that event coming off, however, we had a match for $500, play or pay, over the same course, between Hiram Woodruff's b. m. Widow Wilson, and Charles Brooks' black g., Black Warrior, which came off on Tuesday afternoon, May 31st. The conditions of the race were, to trot mile heats, best three in five, wagon and driver weighing four hundred and fifty pounds. These two horses had trotted against each other on the Fashion Course two weeks previously, for a similar stake, mile heats, to go as they please. On that occasion the mare, in harness, won in three straight heats in 2:45-2:45-2:46; Black Warrior going in harness in the first heat, and under saddle the two next. The attendance was very slim, for it was known in the city that the announced trot between the Columbia County horses would not come off, hence few people visited the Course. The recollection of the mare's previous victory made her the favorite, the long odds of one hundred dollars to ten being repeatedly offered on her winning. She won the first heat easily by forty yards in 2 min. 54¼ sec.; and the second equally so in 2 min. 55¼ sec. The third heat was the best contested of the lot, the mare only winning by a head in 2 min. 54¾ sec. It was so very close a thing that the general opinion was that it had resulted in a dead heat. There was a good deal of betting on the track on the following day's sweepstakes race, one plucky individual taking the odds of three to one that he could place the horses at the finish. He named Lady Emma as the first, May Queen second, and Dan Mace third, and it will be seen that he was lucky enough to win it.

UNION COURSE, Tuesday, May 31.—Match $500, p.p., mile heats, best three in five, wagon and driver weighing four hundred and fifty pounds.

H. Woodruff named b. m. Widow Wilson	1	1	1
C. Brooks named bk. g. Black Warrior	2	2	2

Time—2:54¼—2:55¼—2:54¾.

THE GREATEST TROT OF THE SEASON—NEW YORK VS. BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA.—By far the best and most exciting trotting contest of the season came off on Wednesday, the 1st inst., on the Union Course, L. I. It was between three fast horses, owned respectively in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and large delegations of the sporting turfmen of the two latter cities came on to witness it. It was for a purse and sweepstake of $1300, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, and the following horses were entered for it:—Hiram Woodruff's s m Lady Emma, John Turner's b m May Queen, James S. Turner's g g Dan Mace, Sam McLaughlin's blk g Lancet, and Dan Mace's b g Keystone. The death of the latter horse from inflammation, some five or six weeks ago, and the going amiss of Lancet, as is always his custom on the eve of nearly every race or match in which he is engaged, reduced the number of starters to three, and detracted in some small degree from the excitement and interest with which the race was regarded by the general public. The high trotting reputation of the equine representations of the Empire City, the Modern Athens, and the City of Brotherly Love, notwithstanding these drawbacks, attracted the largest assemblage that we have seen on either track for a long time past, and reminded us of those good old days of the trotting turf which Flora Temple, Patchen, Princess, and Ethan Allen were all in the golden heyday of their fame and renown, and their meetings together to contend for the sovereignty of the turf attracted thousands upon thousands of visitors to witness them. The grand stand was crowded with spectators, and the number of private carriages and other vehicles in the enclosure was very large. Among the Philadelphia patrons of the turf and lovers of fast horses, we recognized Messrs. Coleman, Stuart, Callahan, Alderman McMullen, and many others. The day was highly propitious, being warm, bright, and exhilarating, a gentle breeze agreeably tempering the sun's warm rays, and which, combined with the admirable condition of the track, made it highly favorable for the exhibition of fast time.

The New York representative, Lady Emma, is a handsome, stylish looking chesnut sorrel mare, about fifteen hands three inches high, and a remarkably graceful, easy mover. She is of the Bashaw stock, being by Dr. Rich's Jupiter (a son of Long Island Black Hawk), who is now standing at John I. Snediker's, out of an Abdallah mare belonging to Mr. Pearsall. She was formerly owned by Mr. George Brown, of Grand street, in this city, the well-known patron of aquatic sports, and belonged to him when she beat Jilt in the memorable wagon race on the Fashion Course, L. I., last summer, where the second heat was trotted by her in 2:29¾. Mr. Brown, some time after the race, disposed of her to Mr. Louis Pettit, the owner of Frank Temple, Mollie Pitcher, Cardinal, and other first-class trotters, for a very stiff price, reported by some who profess to know, to have been five thousand dollars. Mr. Pettit placed her in the hands of Hiram Woodruff, and this is the first race in which she has appeared in public since her race with the speedy Jilt. The Boston horse, Dan Mace, belongs to Mr. William Mead, has trotted several races before with good horses, and has never before been beaten. He was bred in the State of Maine, and was sired by a thoroughbred stallion, owned in Canada, out of a Messenger mare. He beat the well-known Hartford trotting horse Prince in a match for $5,000, in three straight heats, over the Hartford track, a fortnight ago. He was trained by James S. Turner, but on this occasion was driven by his namesake, the trainer on the Fashion Course. The Philadelphia mare, May Queen, is a beautiful bay, about fourteen hands and a half high, and both in gait, looks, and movement is a counterpart of the famous little Queen of the Turf, Flora Temple. She belongs to, and was trained by, Mr. John Turner, until lately the popular and courteous lessee of the Point Breeze track at Philadelphia, and who also drove her with consummate skill and judgment, opposed as he was to the two clever and experienced Long Island whips, Hiram Woodruff and Dan Mace. She was sired by the well-known horse May Day, and from her performances on the Philadelphia tracks, was held in the highest estimation by the horsemen of that city.

The betting in the city at Lafayette Hall the night before, showed how public opinion stood as regards the merits of the horses. In the numerous pool sales which the auctioneer, Tommy Johnson, then disposed of, Lady Emma was the favorite, bringing in $200 pools $100, May Queen $55 and Dan Mace $45. On the day of the race, at Hiram Woodruff's hotel, where the regularly authorized pool auctioneers, Messrs. Somerdyke and Armstrong, were selling, the same rates of prices were maintained. At their sales on the track, just previous to the race, Lady Emma, in a $500 pool, brought $340, Dan Mace $130, and May Queen $105. In a $200 pool, Lady Emma was sold for $125, Dan Mace $50, and May Queen $45; the latter not being quite so much a favorite as the sorrel gelding, owing to the fact that all the Philadelphia party had invested previously to a heavy amount on their mare. Just before the start an offer of $500 to $400 was refused, but when the layer increased the odds to $500 to $300, he was snapped up immediately. Mr. Pettit, the owner of Lady Emma, backed her to win a very large stake, while John Morrissey went for Dan Mace, buying him in nearly every pool. Hiram Woodruff carried 20lbs weight more than his opponents, as his weight was exactly one hundred and sixty-five pounds to their one hundred and forty-five pounds. This carrying of such a great overweight, of course, naturally increases our estimate of the merit of the winner's performance.

First Heat. May Queen had the pole, with Dan Mace in the middle and Lady Emma outside. After five unsuccessful attempts to get the word, resulting from Dan Mace's propensity to break up in scoring, they succeeded at the sixth trial. Dan Mace broke almost immediately, and May Queen shot ahead, leading around the upper turn, with Lady Emma in immediate attendance. As they passed the quarter pole, in 37secs., Lady Emma had closed up well and lapped May Queen, while the sorrel gelding was an open length behind them. On the back stretch, Hiram let out Lady Emma and she shook off May Queen; the latter being also passed by Dan Mace, who was trotting very fast at this point. Lady Emma led the gelding two lengths at the half mile pole, which was done in 1min. 13½secs., the little mare being close on the latter's wheel. They kept in these positions to the home stretch, Lady Emma having evidently the race in hand, for in coming up the home stretch she drew away from May Queen, (who had passed Dan Mace, when the latter broke at the drawgate), and came home an easy winner by three lengths in 2min. 27½secs.; May Queen, whose driver pulled her when he found his chance of the heat gone, beating Dan Mace by the same distance for second place.

Second Heat. The pool sales showed the relative estimation the public entertained of the horses chances. Lady Emma, in pools of $100, sold for $80; Dan Mace and May Queen for $10 each. Offers to bet $500 to $400 on Dan Mace against the Philadelphia mare for second place were current, as it was thought that the former would outlast May Queen. They got off at the first attempt, May Queen being a length behind when the word was given. Lady Emma led half a length around the upper turn in advance of Dan, and these positions were unaltered as they went past the quarter pole in 36½ secs. Going along the back stretch, Lady Emma increased the pace and widened the gap, carrying Dan off his feet, and thus enabling May Queen, who was trotting squarely, to take second place. The half mile was made in 1:12½ and Emma trotting magnificently, without a break or a skip throughout, came home an easy winner by three lengths in the same time as the previous heat, 2:27¼. From the three-quarter pole to the judges' stand, Dan Mace and May Queen made a good race, but the latter, making a break half way from the distance stand, allowed the sorrel gelding to beat her for second place by half a length.

Third Heat. All the betting was now between the Boston gelding and Philadelphia mare, as to which could stay the longest. The partisans of the little mare freely took all the $100 to $80 that were offered on Dan, for they knew that the longer she went the better she would go. A good send off at the fourth time of asking, Lady Emma taking the lead with Dan running and trying, but ineffectually, to take her off her feet. The former led three lengths past the quarter pole in 36½ secs., May Queen being second, the same distance ahead of Dan Mace. On the back stretch Hiram increased the gap between his mare and her followers to half a dozen lengths, passing the half mile in 1:12½, and on the third quarter was a dozen lengths in front. She came leisurely up the home stretch an easy winner of the heat and race by four lengths in 2:29¾. From the head of the home stretch to the stand a most exciting race ensued between Dan Mace and May Queen for second place, which was regarded with very great interest, as a deal of money was dependant on this point. The Philadelphia mare, admirably handled, trotted beautifully fair and square, while Dan broke and run repeatedly, but settling down into a trot, he beat her over the score by a neck. After a few minutes deliberation, the assembled crowd anxiously awaiting their decision, the judges declared that in consequence of Dan Mace's repeated breaking and running May Queen was entitled to second place.

The decision was productive of general satisfaction to every one who witnessed the race, except, perhaps, the interested partisans of the sorrel gelding. One Boston gentleman, the brother of the owner of Dan, offered to match him against May Queen for $2,000 a side, the same race over again; an offer which was promptly taken up by Mr. McMullen, of Philadelphia, but the former would not agree to the place of trotting, and nothing came of it. The owner of Lady Emma entertains, and justly so, such a high opinion of her merits, that, it is said, he is willing to match her against any Hambletonian in the country, with the exception of Robert Fillingham. A match between her and John Morgan is also talked about as likely to be arranged. Mr. Marsden, the admirable animal painter, has received a commission from Mr. Pettit, her owner, to paint her portrait, photographs of which will be published in the regular series of the likenesses of famous American trotting horses. Summary.

UNION COURSE, L. I., Wednesday, June 1st.—Purse and stake of $1,500; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

Hiram Woodruff enters s m Lady Emma	1	1	1
John Turner enters b m May Queen	2	3	2
Dan Mace enters s g Dan Mace	3	2	3
Sam McLaughlin enters blk g Lancet	Dr.		

TIME.

	First Quarter.	Half Mile.	Mile.
First Heat	37	1:13½	2:27¼
Second Heat	36½	1:12½	2:27¼
Third Heat	36½	1:12½	2:29¾

SAME DAY.—Match for $1,000; mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

H. Woodruff named bay gelding.....Received forfeit.
C. Burr named br s Fremont.....Paid forfeit.

GREAT TROT ON THE FASHION COURSE, L. I.—THE FAMOUS HAMBLETONIAN DEXTER SUFFERS DEFEAT.—On the Fashion Course, the second meeting between the three famous sons of Hambletonian, Dexter, Shark and Hambletonian, jr., created considerable interest, as a general curiosity was manifested to know whether the previous running between Shark and Dexter would be confirmed, and whether the latter could trot to wagon as beautifully and evenly as he went in harness. The race was for a purse and stake of $500, pay or play, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons, and the following horses entered: Shark, Dexter, Hambletonian, Empress, and General Grant; the last two were absentees, leaving the race to be contested by the three Hambletonians. The previous running of Dexter, who had never met with defeat, and who had already beaten Shark, made him the favorite, and such was the disposition to back him, that $100 to $25, and even $100 to $20, were bet on his winning, his owner, Mr. G. Alley, Mr. Pettit, and many others, backing him heavily. In the pool sales he brought $470, Shark selling for $70, and Hambletonian for $30. The track was in good condition.

First Heat.—Shark had the pole, Hambletonian second, and Dexter outside. The latter was driven by the old trainer Hiram Woodruff; Horace Jones was behind Hambletonian; and the veteran Ad. Carpenter, of Providence, piloted Shark. They scored eleven times unsuccessfully before they could get an even start. Dexter almost immediately broke up, and Shark led to the quarter pole two lengths ahead of Hambletonian, with Dexter close up, in forty seconds. On the back stretch, Dexter passed Hambletonian, but could not reach Shark, who led half a length to the half-mile pole, in 1 min. 18½ sec., Hambletonian being a length behind Dexter. Going along the third quarter, Dexter made a determined effort to pass Shark, but although he got on even terms with him, he could not get his head in front. Coming up the home stretch, all three being pretty well together, Dexter cuffed his leg above the knee several times, causing him to break up, and allowing Hambletonian to take second place, Shark winning the heat by three lengths in 2 min. 36 secs.

Second Heat. It was found that Dexter had lamed himself so badly by hitting his leg that his owner very properly withdrew him from the race. The betting was now centered on the Shark and Hambletonian, the parties who had dropped their money on Dexter endeavoring to "get square" by betting two to one on Shark. The two horses wasted a deal of time before getting the word, scoring not less than nine times. Shark took the lead and led to the quarter pole in 39½ secs., Hambletonian having broken on the lower turn. One hundred dollars to twenty were now offered on Shark, who, although he broke on the back stretch, led to the half mile pole in 1 min. 19 secs. On the third quarter, Hambletonian, trotting squarely and fast, closed upon Shark, carrying him off his legs, and leading round into the home-stretch a couple of clear lengths. Unfortunately for his backers he broke at this point, and before he recovered Shark passed him and led over the score a winner by half a dozen lengths in 2 min. 39¾ secs.

Third Heat. Shark broke on getting the word, and Hambletonian led to the quarter pole two lengths in front in 40½ secs. Breaking at this point, Shark passed him and had got a clear lead of four lengths at the half mile pole in 1 min. 22 secs. His competitor broke again and again on the third quarter and home stretch, and Shark came home an easy winner of the heat and race by six lengths in 2 min. 42 secs. Summary.

FASHION COURSE, L. I., June 3, 1864.—Purse and stake $500, play or pay, mile heats, 3 in 5, to wagons.

A. Carpenter named b g Shark	1	1	1
H. F. Jones named b g Hambletonian	2	2	2
H. Woodruff named b g Dexter	3	dr	
D. Pfifer named br m Empress		dr	
R. Walker named g m Lady Shannon		dr	
Owner named b g Gen. Grant		dr	

TIME.

Quarter.	Half Mile.	Mile.
First Heat.....40	1:18½	2:36
Second Heat.....39¼	1:19	2:39¾
Third Heat.....40½	1:22	2:42

THE GREAT HARTFORD TROTTING MATCH FOR FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS—JOHN MORGAN VS. PRINCE.—The great trotting match between young Mr. Beckwith's (of Hartford) well-known bay gelding Prince, who was defeated two weeks ago by the sorrel gelding Dan Mace, and Mr. Bishop's famous chestnut gelding John Morgan, Flora Temple's old opponent, and the victor over the renowned Rockingham, came off on the Hartford Course on Friday, June 2d. There was over one thousand people present, and the track was in capital order, notwithstanding the heavy rain of the previous day. Many of the leading sports of Boston, New York, Providence, Worcester, and other cities, were on hand to view the race. The betting showed Morgan to be the favorite, although the speculation was by no means extensive. James Turner trained and drove John Morgan, while Dan Mace was specially engaged to pilot Prince.

First Heat. John Morgan had the inside track, and a capital start was effected. Prince broke on the first quarter, and Morgan shot ahead, and maintaining the lead throughout, won the heat in 2min. 30½secs.

Second Heat. The odds of $100 to $30 were offered that John Morgan won the race, without takers. A good start was effected, and they went to the quarter pole head and head together, where Prince broke, and John Morgan opened a wide gap. Coming up the home-stretch on the first time round (the track is a half mile track), Prince closed up finely, and they went some distance so closely locked together that they looked like a double team. Prince at last began to show in front, and gradually drawing away, won the heat, amid great cheering, in 2min. 32secs.

Third Heat.—After two ineffectual attempts they got the word to an even send off, rounding the first turn head and head together. On the back stretch Prince broke, and Turner took advantage of it to open a wide gap. On the home stretch Prince closed on the chestnut, but went off his feet again. Dan Mace, afraid that he might be distanced, sent his horse along in fine style, and closing up the gap, got on even terms with Morgan. A magnificent race up the home stretch ensued, both horses crossing the score so closely yoked, that the judges pronounced it a "dead heat." Time, 2 min. 30 secs.

Fourth Heat.—Considerable discussion ensued before the start as to which horse was entitled to the pole. The judges decided that as Prince had the pole in the third heat, he was entitled to it in the fourth. The driver of Morgan claimed that by the rules of trotting, as he had gained the pole during the dead heat, he was entitled to it on the next one, and in this he was borne out by the authorized and recognized rules of the Long Island tracks. Prince, however, was adjudged the inside, and he led the first time round, owing to John Morgan having broke on the back stretch. The sorrel, however, resumed the lead at the quarter pole on the second time round, and finally won the heat in 2 min. 31¾ secs.

Fifth Heat.—A splendid start, and close, exciting contest to the home stretch, where Prince broke, losing three lengths. Going down the back stretch, Prince shot past the chestnut gelding, but could not maintain the pace throughout, as Morgan, after a magnificent race, won the heat and race by half a neck in 2 min. 28¾ secs. Summary:

HARTFORD COURSE, Friday, June 3d, 1864.—Trot for $2500 a side, half forfeit, mile heats, best three in five, to harness.

Jim Turner named c g John Morgan	1	2	0	1	1
Dan Mace named b g Prince	2	1	0	2	2

Time—2:30¾; 2:32; 2:30; 2:31¾; 2:28¾.

THE PATERSON RACES—THE JERSEY DERBY.—The Spring meeting of the Passaic County Association commences to-day (Tuesday, June 7th) at the race-course, about a mile and a half distant from the city. From every indication, there is reason to anticipate a most successful week's sport. The management is characterized by a liberality, business tact, and evident consideration for the comfort and convenience of the public, that cannot but secure the patronage and attendance of the community. The trains from New York to Paterson run at intervals throughout the day, the special, at 11.45, running to the immediate neighborhood of the course. No gambling is allowed on the course, no liquors sold, and no intoxicated person admitted to the grounds. For the ladies, special accommodation conducive to their comfort has been provided. We paid a visit yesterday to the track, to ascertain what horses had arrived, and found close upon fifty horses in active training for their engagements during the meeting. The following stables had arrived at the time; those marked with an asterisk are entered for the Jersey Derby:

J. Hunter's—Kentucky,* Waxlight, Alexandra, and Copeck; G. Rice's, (Messrs. McGrath and Ward)—Tipperary* and Rhimodine; C. Lloyd's, (Mr. Morris)—Reporter, Eclipse colt*, dam Etiquette by Mariner, and Eclipse f. dam Esta by Boliver;* P.C. Bush's (Messrs. Forbes and Jerome)—Flusbing, Ben Brace, and Lurline;* Dr. Watson's, Vaccine and Charlotte F.;* Bowen and Rou —Velvet,* Red Eye, and Revenue f.; J. Pinker's—Eagle,* Mary D, Knight of St. George f., and another; J. Ansell's—Norfolk,* Strong's—Punch, Judy; Pennock's—the Pennock mare; Renfrew's—Mamona and Ringold f.; Dennis Reddy's—Thunder and Zigzag; Capt. T. W. Moore's—Idlewild, Panic, Lexington, or dam Gloriana;* J. C. Watson's—Captain Moore, Patti,* Relief,* Aldebaran, Miss Hayes, Eclipse, f., John B. Davidson, two year old Lexington c., two year old Slasher f.; Andrew Bell's—Mary Howell.

The betting on the great race of the meeting, the Jersey Derby, shows Captain Moore's Lexington colt, the brother to Jack Malone, to be the first favorite at almost even betting against the field. Tipperary stands next in public estimation; Kentucky third and Norfolk fourth. Already it is calculated $300,000 is dependent on this race, in this city alone, and we may safely estimate that half a million dollars will change hands on the result. From present appearances, the number of stakes will be about a dozen and probably more, being the largest field of horses that ever started for any race in America. In our next issue we shall give a full report of the meeting.

The following is the result of the Lexington, Ky., Association Races, which came off last week:

LEXINGTON, Ky.—FIRST DAY.—Tuesday, May 31.—Purse $150, mile heats.

J. W. Ford entered Lexington c, dam Ellen Carlisle, 3 years	2	1	1
J. Harper entered b f Sue Lewis, 4 years, by Lexington, dam by Glencoe out of Blue Bonnet	3	2	2
Hankin & Co. entered s c by Knight of St. George, 3 years	1	2	dis

Time—1:51; 1:50; 1:50.

SECOND DAY.—June 1st.—Jockey Club Purse $250, free for all ages, two mile heats.

J. W. Ford entered br c 3 years, by Lexington, dam Crisis, by imp Margrave	1	1	
J. M. Clay entered b f 4 years, by imp Yorkshire, dam sister to Zampa	3	2	
J. Harper entered b f Sue Lewis, 4 years, by Lexington, dam by Glencoe	2	3	

Time—3:42½; 3:42¾.

THIRD DAY.—June 2.—Jockey Club Purse $100, free for all ages, mile heats.

J. Ford entered b c California, 3 years, by Charley Morehead, dam Rhody, by Glencoe	1	dis	
J. M. Clay entered b f Georgia Wood, 3 years, by Knight of St. George, dam Margaret, by Priam	2	1	

Time—2:00; 1:58. Track very heavy.

THE TURF IN NOVA SCOTIA.—The Spring Race Meeting of Nova Scotia is fixed to take place on June 15, at Halifax. As a matter of interest to our turfits, we here make room for the programme of the day.

First Race.—A sweepstakes of $15 each, with $200 added. Heats, about one mile. Weight, 10st. Second horse to save his stake.

Second Race.—A sweepstakes of $15 each, with $200 added. For horses *bona fide* the property of officers of the Halifax Garrison and Fleet, and to be ridden by the officers of the Army and Navy. Distance, about one mile. Weight 11st. 7lbs. Second horse to save his stake.

Third Race.—A sweepstakes of $15 each, with $200 added. Distance, about one mile and a half, over six flights of hurdles. Weight, 10st. Second horse to save his stake.

Fourth Race.—A sweepstakes of $15 each, with $200 added. To be ridden by officers of the Army and Navy, officers of the Nova Scotia Militia and Volunteers, and Members of the Halifax Club. Distance, about one mile and a half, over 6 flights of hurdles. Weight, 11st. 7lbs. Second horse to save his stake.

Fifth Race.—A selling race of $5 each, with $100 added. Distance, about one mile. Weight, 11st. 7lbs. The winner to be sold for $300; the surplus to go to the fund. If entered to be sold for $250, allowed 5 lbs.; if for $200, allowed 10lbs.; if for $150, allowed 15lbs.; if for $100, allowed 21lbs.

BURLINGTON, the celebrated stallion, owned by Mr. McDonald, of Baltimore, died recently of inflammation of the bowels. He was eight years old, and one of the most promising stallions in the country. It was the intention of Mr. McDonald to get a colt from Burlington out of Flora Temple.

COCK FIGHTING—THE PRINCIPAL MAINS OF THE SEASON.—The lovers of this peculiar description of sport have, during the season just over, had numerous opportunities of indulging in their favorite amusement. There have been a great number of mains fought between the fanciers of New York, Brooklyn, Harlem, Jersey City, Albany, Troy, New Bedford, Mass., and Newark. Of these we give a summary of the principal, together with the results. The first main was between New York (represented by John Mulohlland) and Troy (represented by Wm. Scully), $50 each fight and $500 the odd battle. Each party won six battles, but the Troy division very unjustifiably and unfairly refused to fight the thirteenth and deciding battle, and the referee refusing to give a decision, so that he might save his party's money, the main was drawn. The next mains fought were two between New York (Mulholland) and Harlem (Jake Somerindyke), $50 each battle and $500 the main. New York scored the first, winning nine out of the thirteen battles fought; and in the second (which was a chicken main), New York won eight out of the thirteen; Mulholland thus placing both mains to the credit of New York. A main between Albany (Storey) and Brooklyn (Sickles) came next, for $100 each battle and $1000 the odd fight. Albany carried the day, winning nine out of thirteen fights. New Bedford, Mass., (represented by Green) next contended against Brooklyn in a main, for $50 each fight and $500 the odd fight; the former winning by two battles. Two mains (one of them chickens) between New York (Moss) and Brooklyn (D. Haskell), $50 and $500 followed. In the first Brooklyn won every fight, and in the second New York only scored a solitary battle, thus leaving the representative of the City of Churches the victor in both mains. A main between New York (Mulholland) and Newark, for $40 the fight and $200 the odd battle, was won by New York scoring nine out of thirteen fights. The last main of the season, for a small amount, between Jersey city (Mackey) and Harlem (Somerindyke) was won by the former. These have been the principal events of the season in this department of sport.

FLORY MCCARTHY IN CALIFORNIA.—We understand this Fourth Ward celebrity, who defeated Charley Lynch before that worthy went to England, is now out in the gold diggings, seeking his fortune. What next?

THE RING.

INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!--No better gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or tending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUDLEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 4 to 8 lbs.....$4 per pair
" 8 to 12 " .....5 " "
Dumb Bells, from.....$3 to 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, CLIPPER Office, New York, or Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention. P. S.—All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money. 7-tf

HARRY JENNINGS
has made many new improvements in his popular
"HOUSE OF CALL,"

No. 32 PORTLAND STREET, BOSTON,
and added a complete and unique GALLERY OF PORTRAITS, many of which can be seen at no other saloon in the country. Sparkling Viands, prime Havanas, and the best of everything to be had at the bar. 2-tf

N. B.—Harry Jennings, 32 Portland street, Boston, Mass., offers to the public his infallible ARSENICAL SOAP, for the destruction of fleas, lice, bugs, sheep ticks, and vermin of all descriptions; 25 and 50 cents a box. Warranted to kill all vermin in five minutes, (and not to injure the animal), and easily applied. H. J. has a sure cure for Mange, Distemper, and all kinds of diseases, and sent to any part of the United States. Also, agents wanted. 5

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.--THOMAS C. BURNS
has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the

THE FOUR MONTHS BABY.

Some years ago a Mr. Baker was plaintiff in a celebrated divorce case in San Francisco, his better half having presented her first instalment of the "baker's dozen" in scant four months after the tying of the matrimonial knot. The event was chronicled at the time in the following characteristic poem, entitled,

THE BEST TIME ON RECORD.

We have a most wonderful climate,
Prolific beyond all compare;
No poet could ever sublime it
By metaphors touching and rare.
In speed it outrivals each nation
Of earth since the era of Noah,
With rapider fructification
Than ever was heard of before.

You scarcely can use plow or harrow,
Ere eatables burst from the ground,
Or wean a young runt ere her farrow
Of squealers are grunting around.
And so it is, too, of the human,
A mother at thirteen—good Heaven!
And there goes a beautiful woman,
A grandmother ere twenty-seven!

And stranger, still stranger, a baby,
Full sized into life you may bring,
In four and a half months, it may be,
Of time from the priest and the ring.
Egad! and a jonnycake maker,
By using our natural yeast,
Will turn out a loaf from the Baker
In half the time used at the East.

STROLLING PLAYERS.

Their Trials and Vicissitudes on the Road.

We learn more about the bright side of an actor's life than about the rough. Could some of our stage struck youths be brought to see and understand the dark shades of life among the players, how very few of them would ever "hanker" after the sock and buskin. The following letter from a strolling agent, written to a friend in this city for private perusal only, is true in every particular, and as it may have the effect of deterring others from starting out on the voyage of life by the theatrical route, we have obtained permission from the gentleman to whom it was sent to give it publicity through the columns of the CLIPPER:—

St. Louis, Sunday, May 22d, 1864.

Friend ——:—You no doubt feel devilish angry with me for my long silence, but I have been having so much trouble and anxiety lately, that I could not compose myself sufficiently to write. When I last wrote you we were about commencing an engagement with —— in Peoria. I engaged our party with him for $50 for five nights and our expenses, I doing nothing but looking after our own interests; his company was a very poor one, and ours stood out very prominent among them, being in fact the chief attraction, although —— has the name. After playing four nights to but little over expenses, he opened on a Saturday night under canvas to over $500, showing what damn fools the public are, for while we gave them good performances in a fine, comfortable hall, where they had the advantage of gas, scenery, and stage effects, they would not patronise us; but under canvas, where every inconvenience had to be put up with, they crowded the place. As —— had to remain another week in Peoria before being able to start, and was anxious to retain us, I concluded we were getting altogether too little, as it was our party alone who were drawing the houses, so I went out and bought up every copy of the "Ticket of Leave Man" to be had in town, and offered to get the piece up for him in fine style, insuring its success for four nights, provided he would pay us $100 and expenses for that length of time; after much talk and fuss he concluded he could not do it, so our engagement closed with him and we again started off on our own hook, after receiving the addition of another one to our party—a stage struck youth from Chicago. I started immediately for Pekin, advertised the town and played there the following Tuesday night to a poor house. Wednesday night played in Havana—house good; left for Beardstown, but got there so late, lost Thursday night; played Friday night to a good house, and concluded to remain next night, but business proved damn bad. On Sunday morning up stakes and started down the river, getting off at Meredosia, where we had to remain until Monday morning, when we started for Mt. Sterling, and got into the town with just $1.50 in my pocket. The first thing that struck my eye was that every other house was a church. Inquiring for board, the only place I could get was at $2 each per day, and then in a room where there were two already—imagine *seven* of us in a room, the only partition being a sheet put up for —— and I, and charges $2 per day. I was in a quandary, so concluded to go and get a drink; but judge of my surprise when, after asking for it, I was told I would have to procure a doctor's certificate that it was for medicine before I could obtain it. I thought the best thing for me to do was to get out of town as soon as possible, but as I only had $1.50 and the fare back to Meredosia (20 miles) was $3.50, I was again in a fix, but as there was nothing else to do I paid ——'s and my fare on a freight train, took baggage along, and started the rest of the party to walk it through sand, ankle deep, and the sun pouring down—it was an awful thing, but had to be done. By noon I was back in Meredosia with only ten cents in my pocket; but returning to the hotel we had left, I fortified myself with a good dinner, and then engaged one of the rooms in the house of the landlord for $2 to give a performance that night, filled up what bills I had, posted the town (inhabitants about 200); about dusk my party of pedestrians arrived, tired, hungry, dirty, sun-burnt, and in no enviable humor. After getting cleaned up and ready, which took until after 8 o'clock, people began coming, when I asked the landlord to light up the room so we could begin performance, but he informed me that lights were not included in his charges, so I was in a hell of a fix, but thinking of my ten cents, I rushed out and bought three tallow candles, illuminated the place the best I could, opened the door, and commenced selling tickets—the receipts of the night amounting to $9.75. You can judge what the performance was, with no music, and the brilliant light; but apparently we pleased them well; at the close of the performance another was announced for the following night. —— having been very unwell for several days and business being so bad, I had concluded we would make a bee line for St. Louis, and give up travelling; but as there was no telling when a boat would be along, and we had no money to get out of town if we stayed, I thought if we had to wait over the next night we would play, and all that came in, however small, would go toward defraying board expenses; but if a boat came along in the meantime, we could leave. So we waited all the next day, but no boat came, and I opened the doors for another night's performance—seventeen people came, making the receipts $4.25; it was rough, but better than nothing, and we gave them a worse than queer old performance. I then concluded the sooner we got out of town the better for our health, so next morning I got the trunks over to the depot just as a train was starting, and commenced settling with the landlord, who was a stupid old cuss. I had money enough to settle board, which I did, but just as I was leaving he remembered that I had not settled for two night's rent of room ($4); but I was in too much of a hurry to stop and talk with him as the train was just starting, besides I did not have the "spons," so telling him I would see him again, I jumped aboard the train and off for Naples, arriving there without a damn cent. Taking the baggage to the hotel, I learned that the packet for St. Louis did not leave until the next day, so I concluded to give a show and try and make expenses, but after finding the only hall in town, I could not rent it, as the proprietor was away and no one left to act for him; I then concluded to let fortune do her worst and trust to luck. By the appearance of the place that evening, I have no doubt but that I could have done one night's good business, but there was no use bucking against fate, so I took it easy. The next morning the packet arrived from St. Louis, and was to leave on her return trip in two hours. I immediately saw the captain, and after telling him how I was situated, he agreed to take me down to St. Louis, holding the baggage for the fare (which was $15 for the five of us,) until we could raise money enough to redeem it. That being all fixed, I returned to the hotel, arranged my bill with the landlord by leaving some of my clothes in pawn until I could redeem them, got the rest of the baggage aboard the boat, gave a big sigh of relief, and started for this place, where we arrived yesterday morning. I took —— at once to her mother's, then paid a friendly visit to "mine uncle with the three balls," and got the baggage off the boat. I took a look around town, and discovered that every other man I met was an actor, hard up, and all very seedy, so I saw my chances in the show business were very slim. R——, being a house painter by trade, started to look for a job, and as I could think of nothing that I could do to make a living, and as it was neck or nothing, I thought, with the little knowledge of painting I had acquired aboard ship, together with a considerable amount of impudence to back it, I would go with him and apply for a job too. The very first place we went to we were engaged, (for fortunately for us the painters are damn scarce,) and I commence to-morrow morning with paint pot and brush at $3 per day. What do you think of that for cheek? I don't know how I will succeed, but must trust to luck. My only fear is that the paint will affect my throat and lay me up; but until then I must work it. For the past two weeks —— has been in poor health and growing worse daily for want of proper treatment, and having to work so hard traveling; so now I want to give her all the rest I can, in hopes that she will be strong again. I have written to —— ——, who was very anxious to engage us before—but was unwilling to take the whole party—telling him that we are now disengaged, and will come with him for $35 and expenses per week, and I expect to receive his answer in a few days, although if I can get along well at painting, I want to stay here two weeks and give —— a good rest. The —— party bursted up in Keokuk last week, after a big row. I must close for the present. I fear it will weary your patience wading through all this lead pencil, but I had no ink. Good bye, God bless you. Your friend, BOB.

TREATS ALL AROUND;

OR,

Putting a Green 'un Through the "Express."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY PLUTO OF CORINTH.

There are few true-blooded men in New York who are not personally acquainted with "Al. Conrey," of the "California Express," in Nassau street, within smelling, and, blest be the gods, within *smiling* distance of the CLIPPER office. It is a favorite resort for literary men and patrons of gentlemanly sports, for its *bibibles* and *edibles* are ever like the company, first class.

The writer hereof has seen many a pleasant adventure there, passed many an agreeable hour with its gentlemanly proprietor and *square* assistants. One scene of recent occurrence he proposes to dish up for the benefit of the readers of the CLIPPER.

It occurred about the time of the opening of the great Sanitary Fair in New York, when the city was literally flooded with strangers from the "rural districts" and elsewhere.

I had been taking a general cruise up town, calling upon various of our sporting friends, and was on my way down to the Park Hotel about ten or a little later, when I met a friend who insisted upon my going into old Tammany to indulge. Rather than he should suffer disappointment I accommodated him, and went in for a "brandy sour." He met another friend there who was engaged in the patent business, and they two got immediately into a confab which was of no interest to me, so I excused myself and left them and started to leave the hotel. At the door I accidentally ran, head on, into a man who was coming in at the front door in a great hurry.

"Jiminy, stranger! Please don't do that agin, for I'm e'en a' most used up, now!" said the person with whom I had so unintentionally collided.

I apologised, truthfully saying that it was an accident, and that I was very sorry for it.

"It ain't any matter at all," said the stranger, whom I saw by the cut of his jib to be a countryman of the most verdant kind; "if nothing worse happens to me before I get out of this pesky town I'll thank fortune and promise never to come here again. But how to get away I don't see, no how; for I owe this tavern keeper two days board and lodgin', and I spose he'll keep my bundle with my Caroline's picter in it, and the socks she knit for me, and the handk'cher she hemmed and marked with my name, Josiah Artichoke, of Hardscrabble. Dog on the luck! A feller up the road got me to bet on what he said was a 'sure thing,' and I put up my last currency, and it wasn't sure after all."

I thought I saw some fun in perspective, and I immediately acted upon it,

"Why, my dear Mr. Artichoke," said I, "I'm deuced glad to meet you. I heard you was in town, but was afraid I wouldn't see you before you went away. This has really been a fortunate accident. *Jones* told me that you was here. Come to the bar and take something, and we'll go down to the "Express" and see him. Jones is a brick, he is, and an extra weight in a rough and tumble. He never was took down but once, and that was when he went to see the elephant and tried to carry off his trunk. Come and take a drink, my dear sir, and we'll go and see Jones! I've heard him speak of you often."

"Of *me*? I wonder which Jones it is, for there is a hull lot of Joneses up to Hardscrabble, and some of the boys did come down to York to be something or other," said my new found friend, edging up to the bar.

"Oh, you'll know him when you see him; he knows you *very* well, is always talking about you and your Caroline. She has red cheeks and blue eyes, hasn't she?"

"Yes, indeed, and a figger that don't want no hoops to make it stick out. Stranger, I'm awful glad I've met you; maybe this Jones will help me to pay up here and get home."

"No doubt of it; if he doesn't I will. Now, what is it, gin, brandy, or wine? Call for the best."

"I'll take whatever you do, mister, for I allow you're a judge of what's good."

"I profess to be, Mr. Artichoke. Barkeeper, make me a brandy sour, as strong as Horace Greeley's love for an unwashed contraband; and do likewise with my friend here."

The liquor was soon mixed, and being duly shaken, immediately taken while the froth was on. Then I persuaded my new-found friend to go with me in search of his friend Jones.

On the way I had business for just a moment in at the Pewter Mug, where I persuaded Josiah to take just one more to the health of his Caroline, who, he now told me in confidence, had red hair and consequently a very loving disposition.

And then we looked in at the Park, where the barkeeper, having got the wink from me, would not let us leave until we had tasted a new drink which he had just invented, called "universal elevator." This seemed to get my friend in trim for an introduction to the Jones, who I knew would be around at Al's just about that time.

So we went on, and in a couple of minutes more were in the "Express."

There was a crowd in; Jones, Joe Coburn, ——, of the CLIPPER, Johnson, of the Press-gang, Williams, Clancy, and a dozen more, all ripe for fun. I knew they would "hold me up" if I fainted, so I sailed in at once.

"Gentlemen," I cried, "allow me to introduce to you my particular friend, and Mr. *Jones'* friend, Mr. Josiah Artichoke, from Hardscrabble, a real Corinthian, a full-blooded sport, who has come to see the sights of the city."

Jones, *my* Jones, took in a moment.

"Three cheers for old Hardscrabble, and three times three for my dear, *dear* friend Artichoke!" he cried.

And the cheers were immediately given.

"And now set out your glasses, Al.," he cried; "all hands must join in a drink with my old friend."

What with the cheers and the shaking of hands all around, for everybody had to shake hands with him, Mr. Artichoke was so confused that he could hardly speak. But when a strong hot toddy was placed in his hands, he managed to get that to his lips and to swallow it.

"Now, on with the tumblers again!" cried Joe Coburn, "it is my right and privilege to treat all around this time in honor of the gentleman who represents Hardscrabble on this important occasion!"

And again the "smile" was general.

Scarcely had the glasses again been emptied, when the representative of the CLIPPER insisted that the health of *the* "Queen," then sojourning in the "City of Brotherly Love," should be drank, especially because Mr. Jones' friend, Artichoke, was present.

That "treat" went around without a dissenting lip, and then Al. Conrey was called on for a song. He gave the "Red, White, and Blue" with great effect, and then the Red, White, and Blue was toasted by a naval gentleman who had dropped in just in time to be one of the company.

Then Mr. Jones was called on for a speech. He responded with an eulogium on Hardscrabble in general, and *the* distinguished representative of Hardscrabble then present in particular, and the speech, like the song, was washed down.

Of course, after this, Mr. Artichoke was called on for a speech. But he had been *treated* so well and so often that his feelings rather overpowered him. He tried to give them utterance, but all that could be distinguished was—

"Jones and Plute, goo' fel's—Car'line, want to see 'er—home by express—let's 'ave 'nother song for Hardscrabble!"

The effort was almost too steep for poor Josiah, and he gently sank into the arms of Jones and myself, who, having passed around the contribution box, saw him soon after deposited safely in room 61 in old Tammany.

Before leaving the house we saw the gentlemanly proprietor, into whose hands we deposited the proceeds of the aforesaid contribution, telling him that when Josiah awoke in the morning, he was, after deducting the amount of his bill, to place the rest of the fund in his hands, and to tell him to make tracks for Hardscrabble as soon as he could, for Caroline was very anxious to see him. And if he asked where the money came from, he was told to say, and could say truthfully, that it came from the "EXPRESS COMPANY."

BRAIN WORK.—No man after middle age, if he hopes to keep his mind clear, should think of working his brain after dinner, a season which should be given up to enjoyment. The immediate result of post-prandial labor is always inferior to that produced by the vigorous brain of the morning. When mental labor has become a habit, however, we know how weak are the words of warning to make a sufferer desist; and we are reminded of the answer made by Sir Walter Scott to his physicians, who in his last illness foresaw that his mind would break down unless he desisted from brain work. "As for bidding me not work," said he, sadly, "Molly might as well put the kettle on the fire, and then say, 'Now don't boil.'" It must not be supposed, however, that we wish to deprecate even severe mental labor; on the contrary, a well organised brain demands exercise, and, like the blacksmith's arms, flourishes on it. We believe that pleasurable productive brain-work can be carried on to an almost limitless extent without injury. A poet in the full swing of his fancy, a philosopher working out some scheme for the benefit of humanity, refreshes rather than weakens his brain. It will be found that the great majority of those who have gained high honors in our universities have also distinguished themselves greatly in after-life. It is the hard, thankless task-work which tears and frets the fine gray matter of the cerebrum; it is the strain and anxiety which accompanies the working out of great monetary transactions which produces that silent and terrible *ramollissement* which gradually saps the mind of the strong man, and reduces him to the condition of an imbecile.

MAGNANIMITY OF ANCIENT GAMBULIERS.—The nobles of the ancient regime played deeply, but there was magnanimity in their game. When the Prince of Conde had won, one evening, a sum of 50,000 francs, a brave old officer, on hearing the announcement, could not help saying: "Such a sum as that would be the fortune of an honest man." "Take it, then," said the Prince, and he handed it to the veteran.

A SONG--FOR MUSIC.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY WILLIE WARE.

Did you never see her—
The girl I love so well,
With happy smiles to greet me,
My darling Fanny Pell?
Oh! Fanny Pell was pretty,
And good as pretty, too,
A lovelier girl than Fanny Pell
I'm sure you never knew.

Her charms were all the brightest,
I'm sure I cannot tell
How very, very dear to me,
Was my darling Fanny Pell.
But death has stolen fanny,
My lovely Fanny Pell,
And when the leaves were turning,
She said to me "Farewell."

They made for her a grave,
A narrow, earthen cell,
And in it rests my lovely one,
My darling Fanny Pell.
Above her grave a willow waves,
And roses, white and red,
Blossom sweetly now above
My darling Fanny's head.

A GAME OF BRAG.

BY A LOOKER ON.

It is possible that many respectable persons may be unaware of the attributes and nature of the game of Brag; more popular though it be, as a method of making money to change hands, than any other invention under the sun, and counting its devotees by thousands in the Old World and in the New. A gentleman on board a United States river steamboat once "bragged" at this game no less than two millions of dollars; and upon his antagonist's doubting whether he possessed the money, produced a little carpet-bag crammed with notes to a much greater amount than the sum named. It turned out that he was a government commissioner in charge of the money to pay the troops in Texas, and had thus taken advantage of his opportunity to back his cards for an amount that put all competition out of the question. In America, this entrancing pursuit, under the *alias* of "Poker," causes more speculation than all Wall street. In India, officers in her majesty's service on sick leave on the hills, play it unceasingly, with their hats cocked over their eyes to conceal the workings of their intelligent countenances, and even—as we are assured—with masks on; for a gentlemen who possesses expressive features should not play "brag"—for reasons that will presently appear—and there is even a theory that the vacant looks of the officers of the household troops are caused by their wish to become proficients at this extraordinary and important pastime.

It is a game which is played with cards, three of which are dealt to each person. The best hand that can possibly be obtained is that which consists of three aces; the next best, three kings, three queens, three knaves, &c.; after these, which, of course, seldom occur, *two* aces, *two* kings, *two* queens, &c., are excellent to "brag" upon; then sequences; then pips of the same suit, the ace counting for eleven. Nothing can be simpler than this; and besides it, there is no skill to be acquired whatever, but simply the art of dissimulation. Having got my hand, (I never played this hateful game in my life, but write in the first person for the sake of perspicuity and ease,) which consists, say, of two twos. I keep them carefully to myself, and upon being asked by the dealer if I brag, I reply: "Yes, certainly," with the air of a man who has three tens at least. Some of the company have such bad hands that they don't brag at all, but throw them up at once, and forfeit their stakes for that deal; others, like myself, decide to "brag." If the brag is unlimited as to stake, as it too often is, I say: "I brag five pounds, or ten, or twenty;" then such of the rest as are not alarmed at the magnitude of that sum, brag the same; and each adds that money to the pool. In other words, each bets his twenty pounds (suppose) that his hand is better than that of any other person in the company. It may be a very bad hand indeed, and yet by offering to back it with large sums, and a fearless impudence of manner, he may frighten his neighbors into believing that it is a very good one, and so into relinquishing their chance. Everything depends, it will be seen, upon secresy and resolution. It was at this game that President Lincoln's commissary lost that great sum intended for the store department, playing with gamblers having a confederate in the room above, who could see his cards through a hole in the floor, and communicated their value to his accomplices.

There is, however, this check upon inordinate bragging: any player, upon paying twice the amount of the previous "brag," is privileged to look at another player's hand—at mine, for instance. If his cards are better than my two twos, he, of course, has nothing to fear from me, at all events, and goes on staking; and he sometimes goes on if they are *worse*, either to frighten me out of the field, or to induce me to give *him* twice the previous brag to look at *his* hand. Brag is, in short, the merest excuse for betting that was ever called a game; in addition to which, it renders deception absolutely necessary; for if it was guessed by a player's genuine air and manner that he had really a good hand, his opponents would not stake at all, and he would reap no gains beyond the small sum originally placed in the pool by each. It will easily be understood that the cards must not have the least mark upon the backs of them; and therefore, white cards are commonly used in this exciting contest—for amusement it can scarcely be called. Now, in that railway which connects the two great commercial towns of Lancashire, many of the every day passengers are accustomed to while away the journey by playing cards together; they know one another, and make up their rubbers beforehand, and even have certain carriages retained at either terminus for their especial accommodation and diversion.

It so happened last July that I, a chance passenger between Liverpool and Manchester, found myself in a first-class carriage occupied by five gentlemen playing at this redoubtable game; and, without having the least desire to join them, I watched their proceedings with some attention, and was rewarded by witnessing what was admitted to be an unprecedented occurrence, and one well worthy, if not of immortal verse, at least of printed record. For the first twenty minutes, I should mention, they played whist—of course with two packs of cards—but upon the remonstrance of the gentleman who found himself cut out, and obliged to make room for the fifth man at the railway rug, which was their card-table, they changed the game to Brag.

While my moral nature was shocked, I could not help being interested by the secretiveness of each competitor, by the air of confidence with which they backed an indifferent hand, by the affected hesitation with which they continued to brag upon a good one, and by their close scanning of one another's countenances, in which nothing but cunning and avarice were to be traced. And yet, in the sense of playing for high stakes, they were not gambling. A sovereign or thirty shillings was the most that had been lost by any person, when presently, the rest having thrown up their hands, two players began to back their cards at such considerably higher sums, as to arouse everybody's curiosity to know what they were staking on.

"Let me look at you, Jones," cried one; "I'm not playing, you know, and Smith will never be able to tell anything by my face."

"That is true, my dear fellow," replied Jones, coolly. "If want of expression could beget confidence, one could trust in your face as much as in any man's. But I can't let you see my cards. Smith, I brag five pounds."

"I brag ten," was the response. "And allow me to warn you, as a friend, not to back yourself extravagantly, for you'll lose, my Jones, and you're a family man."

Here took place a burst of laughter; this was a new ruse indeed, to affect interest in the state of an adversary's pocket, in order to make him give in.

"Well," replied Jones, "you're a bachelor, it is true, but you cannot afford to lose twenty-five pounds, and that is the amount of my next brag."

"I brag twenty-five pounds also," remarked Smith, cheerfully.

"Then I will brag fifty pounds," returned Jones; "and rather than go on, I solemnly tell you, you should give me a hundred to look at my hand."

"I wouldn't give a farthing to look at your hand," answered the other, scornfully. "I am really sorry to ruin you, but your obstinacy brings it upon yourself. You will have to part with Mrs. Jones' piano as it is, I expect."

"Sir," replied Jones, with resolution, "upon the cards which I hold here I would brag Mrs. Jones herself with the utmost confidence."

"You had better not," responded the bachelor, darkly. And again there was a shriek of laughter from the audience who were not permitted to be spectators.

"Now, my dear Smith, let us understand one another. If you continue to play this game, you will never ride in a first-class carriage again. I should be sorry to be the means of driving you into the 'parliamentary.' Tell me how much money you can afford to lose without going to jail, and I will brag *that*."

"I will brag two hundred and fifty pounds," quoth Smith, calmly; "and you had better give me a bill of cash upon your furniture at once. I am quite sure you havn't got so much in your banker's hands."

"I will brag five hundred," answered Jones, with his teeth clenched. "I will brag my house and garden; I will brag myself and my government situation. If, instead of being in the express train, we were in the middle ages, and you were the Old Gentleman himself, I warn you that I would brag my soul."

"Then you would lose it," responded Smith, "to a dead certainty, and I should have made a very indifferent bargain. Now, listen. Let the last brag of two hundred and fifty stand; and Robinson and Lloyd shall look at my hand, and Brown at yours. Then we will be bound by their advice, and if they say to either of us 'Stop,' we will do so."

"Very good," quoth Jones; showing his cards with a grim smile to his left-hand neighbor. I would have given anything to see them also, but being a stranger, I did not venture to ask to do so. "Do you think, Brown, I ought to give in to Smith with a hand like this, or do you not?"

"It is quite impossible," observed Mr. Brown, solemnly, "that any man should give up such cards. I think, under the circumstances, that I am almost justified in saying that Smith cannot win."

"What do *you* say?" inquired Smith, turning the face of his cards to his two friends with the most careful secrecy, and watching for their reply with triumphant confidence.

"It's absurd," quoth Mr. Robinson; "you're sure of winning."

"I would lay a thousand pounds upon such cards," said Mr. Lloyd.

"Stop!" exclaimed Jones; "I will brag a thousand pounds myself, and what he can't pay I will let him off, after having sold his books and personal clothing. We are now getting close to Manchester. Let us each wrap up our cards in a newspaper, and go into the station, and get them sealed up; then we can call for them in the evening, and brag all the way home. You miserable Smith! you set out this morning in competence; you will return a beggar."

"You will, indeed," corroborated Mr. Brown.

"Unhappy Jones," quoth Smith; "certainly, those whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad. This morning you probably complained of the kidneys being underdone at breakfast. To-morrow your wife and children will be in want of daily bread."

"They will indeed," echoed Messrs. Lloyd and Robinson.

"Gentlemen," said I, "it seems to me this matter will never be settled except by arbitration. I have not the honor of the personal acquaintance of any of you, but I am an honest man; and if both the players will show their hands to me, I will tell them truly which ought to give in. This will be better and more pleasing, I am sure, whether to winner or loser, than the utter ruin of either of them can possibly be."

"I am quite content with that arrangement," observed Smith, "although, of course, it is pecuniary sacrifice."

"You're a noble fellow!" exclaimed Messrs. Lloyd and Robinson, with irrepressible admiration.

"Then I am also content," remarked Jones, "although I needs must lose by such an arrangement."

"Generous being!" exclaimed Mr. Brown, enthusiastically, "yes, he needs must lose."

I rose from my seat, and looked over Smith's cards. He had three aces—the best that any man can hold. I turned from him with sorrow in my heart for the poor married man, and looked over Jones's cards. *He had three aces also!* When they left off playing whist, the white packs had got somehow mixed together, and so the two gentlemen had had all their excitement for nothing. They had enjoyed the luxury of ruining a friend, in imagination, and of being magnanimous at a cheap rate; and if it had not been for the interposition of the present writer, it is my belief that they would have been bragging still.—*English Magazine.*

THE ORIGIN OF CRICKET.

The following chapter on cricket in "auld lang syne" contains facts that have not yet appeared in print in this country, and as they will no doubt prove of great interest to the lovers of the "noble game" in "the land we live in," we here give place to it:

"The best of all ways to lengthen our days
Is to devote a few hours to cricket, my boys."

THE ORIGIN AND EARLY HISTORY OF THE GAME OF CRICKET—ITS GENERAL CHARACTER CONSIDERED—THE FIRST CODE OF LAWS.

There does not appear to be any authenticated record of the existence or practice of cricket till near the close of the seventeenth century, and it is now almost universally conceded that the game of club-ball, which was in high repute, under different guises, from the time of the Saxons and Normans, is really one of the parents of the game; that, in some form or other, it was practised by our ancestors from those early times, and that ultimately trap-ball was wedded to it, and the offspring of both was cricket. Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes," first quotes the word "Cricket" in 1710, and Pope, about the same period, says:

"The judge to dance his brother serjeant's call,
The senators at *cricket* urge the ball."

Neither Shakespeare nor any of the early English dramatists allude to its existence, and the inference deducible therefrom is, that in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, cricket was not followed as a pastime—at least to any extent. In 1719 there is allusion to Jenkins in some curious stanzas of the period, who was said to have been

"Bowled out by Love."

About that date cricket began to assume a characteristic form, and grew rapidly in public favor. The double-wicket game is recorded in Dr. Jamieson's Dictionary, published in 1722, as having been played in Augres and Lothian. He says, "This is a game for three players at least, who are furnished with clubs. They cut out two holes, each about a foot in diameter, seven inches in depth, and twenty six feet apart; one man guards each hole with his club—these clubs are called dogs. A piece of wood about four inches long and one inch in diameter, called a cat, is pitched by a third person, from one hole towards the player at the other, who is to prevent the cat getting in the hole. If it pitches in the hole, the party who threw it takes his turn with the club. If the cat be struck, the club-bearers change places, and each change of place counts one to the score, *like club-ball.*" From this description, it is evident that the game was a type of the modern cricket match, and this conclusion is further strengthened by the fact that a score was kept, and the result regulated by "runs." As to its name, there can be little doubt that it is derived from the Saxon word "cricce," or, in other language, a crooked stick, for such in old prints do we find the implement represented with which the game was played. The "bridging over," as it were, of the block hole, or erection of a "wicket," seems to have been the next improvement; its shape and proportions contrasted strangely with that of our own day, it being twenty-four inches in *width* and twelve in *height*. The player was made "out" by "popping" the ball *into the hole* in lieu of knocking down or demolishing the wicket, there being at this time no middle stump, neither was there any "crease" or boundary, and the frequent struggles between batsman and bowler, or wicket-keeper, must have formed some of the most amusing incidents of the game. The constant confusion arising from this state of things doubtless suggested the "popping" crease, and an alteration in the shape and proportion of the wicket, which was increased in height to twenty-two inches, and narrowed to six. The practice of "popping" the ball into the hole was abandoned, and the wicket had to be put down with the ball in hand. This alteration, of course, led to many improvements in the practice of the game, and soon showed the necessity for a code of laws to regulate it. These were not extensive, and were, moreover, very ambiguous, without date, and in manuscript. They are entitled, "The Game of Cricket, as settled at ye Cricket Club, at ye Star and Garter, in Pall Mall." They may be summed up as follows:—"Laws for ye bowlers, four balls and over; laws for ye strikers, or those that are in: bat, foot, or hand over ye crease; laws for wicket-keepers; laws for ye umpires."

The practice of "tossing" for innings was first sanctioned, and at the same time the option conferred on the winning party to determine the order of going in. The weight of the ball was established to range between five and six ounces. The law for the bowler determined that four deliveries should constitute an "over;" that for the striker declared a man "not out" if his foot, hand or bat was *over* the popping crease. That which refers to the wicket-keeper differed in no respect from the law now in use. The law for the umpires had a curious provision, viz., that ten minutes should be allowed between each "hand," to *mark the ball, that it may not be changed.* Until the year 1702, the words "bat," "cricket," or "wicket," in the sense implied in the above laws, do not occur. The definition then applied to bat was, "a club or stick curved towards the bottom, used to strike a ball with at the play called cricket." Cricket is thus defined:—"A kind of play with a ball."—J. R., 1702. "A game with bats and balls."—Philips, 1716. "A sort of play."—Kersey, 1722. "A play."—Harris, 1724. "A sort of game played with bats and balls."—Bayley, 1731. The name of an exercise with bats and balls."—Dyche, 1735. "A play."—Dr. Littleton. "A sport at which contenders drive a ball with sticks or bats in opposition to each other."—Dr. Johnson. A more elaborate and lucid description of the game we quote from an author who wrote about 1750. It runs thus: "Cricket is an athletic game kept up in the southern and western parts of England, and is sometimes practised by individuals of the highest rank. It is performed by a person, who, with a clumsy wooden bat, defends a wicket raised of two slender sticks with one across, which is attacked by another person, who endeavors to beat it down with a hard leather ball, from a certain stand. The farther the distance is to which the ball is driven, the oftener is the defender able to run between the wicket and the stand. This is called gaining so many 'notches,' and he who gets the most is the victor." About the year 1775, the bowling having much improved in character, the form of the bat was altered by its being made straight and considerably shorter, and a third or middle stump was added to the wicket, but there was still only one ball. A revision of the laws also took place at this time, and these combined alterations effected an entire revolution in the game.

CULTIVATING TROUT.—The San Andreas *Independent* says that at the San Antonio Ridge, in a basin some thirty feet in diameter and ten feet deep, which the Messrs. Chase have worked out by excavating in the gravel and bed rock to a depth below the river surface, some live trout were thrown about three years since. They have nobly fulfilled their destiny by the laws of increase and multiplication. The hole is literally swarming with trout, and they are the most voracious little finsters in the world, biting savagely at worm, fly, grasshopper or any other bait. One was caught some days since, weighing a pound and half.

SPORTS ABROAD.

The Ring.

SLASHING MILL

BETWEEN

BILL RYALL AND BILL JACKSON,

At Catch-Weight, for £100.

The match between Ryall, of Birmingham, and Jackson, of Banbury, for £50 a side, at catch-weight, was brought to a very satisfactory conclusion on old tried ground down the river, on Thursday, May 19. The battle has been looked forward to with immense interest, and in a great measure it was supposed to be a stepping-stone towards another revival of the P. R., and certainly there might be some considerable degree of correctness in the supposition, for a very unusual number of the upper crust of the Ring patrons visited the scene of action. Both men have achieved somewhat of a reputation, and the following is a description of the combatants and their performances:

William Ryall was born at Grimley, Worcestershire, in 1833; he stands 5 ft. 10 in., and weighed on the 19th, 11 st. 10 lb. He is a cabinet-maker by occupation, but being much above the average in bulk and weight, Bob Brettle, of Birmingham, took him under his wing, hence his *soubriquet* of Bob Brettle's Big-'un; and so promising did the young giant turn out, that he was matched with Joe Goss, at catch-weight, for £50 a side, to make his maiden effort in the ring. The battle took place in the London district, on September 24, 1861, when Ryall weighed 11 st. 8 lb. and Joe Goss 10 st. 7 lb. The betting in the Midland counties was 2 and 3 to 1 on Joe Goss, the latter price being taken kindly. After a couple of disappointments the battle was decided in Goss's favor, after a good fight of thirty-seven rounds, which lasted 2 h. 50 min. The novice (Ryall) had much the best of the fighting at the commencement, gaining "first blood" by a flush hit on the mouth in the very first round; he held the lead up to the twenty-fourth round, when, after Bill had thrown Joe heavily, he (Ryall) fell with his head bent under him. This accident appeared to have deprived him of his previous energy, for Joe Goss then set about him, and Ryall's blows having lost all punishing effect, his seconds, finding he had no chance, wisely gave in for him at the conclusion of the thirty-seventh round. So well did Master Ryall perform in this his *debut*, that he was allowed another "trial" with his late antagonist, and the battle came off on February 11, 1862, in the London district, for £100 a side. Joe Goss, on the day of battle, weighed only 10 st. 9 lb., while our hero pulled down the scale at 11 st. 6 lb. The betting was 7 to 4 on Joe Goss. The battle took place down the river, and ended in a draw, after they had fought thirty-seven rounds in three rings, viz.: thirteen rounds in the first ring, lasting 1 h. 25 min., and one round in the next ring. A third move was made, when twenty-three more rounds were fought, making the time of the thirty-seven rounds fought 3 h. 18 min., the last round occupying 50 min. without a blow being struck. The referee, finding that neither would fight, after giving them 7 min., to get together, declared the battle drawn. Ryall alleged, as a reason for standing back, that he had fallen weak, and Joe Goss had undoubtedly injured his right shoulder. After the above, Ryall was matched with Mace for the championship, but the match fell to the ground in consequence of Ryall forfeiting, his London friends fancying that the money had been made good by his Birmingham supporters. Ryall for some time had been the host of the Broad street Tavern, Five Ways, Birmingham, and, sticking close to business, soon put on a goodly paunch, and when he started in his training weighed no less than 14 st.—naked. He trained with his old mentor, Jem Hodgkiss, at the Cock and Magpie, Beach-lane, for a month, and certainly he could not have been idle any time during his probation. The betting in Birmingham averaged 7 to 4 on Ryall, although one or two sanguine admirers of the Banbury man took level money.

Bill Jackson (Wilson Bennison) was born at Richmond, Yorkshire, on June 4th, 1833. He is 5ft. 10in. in height, and weighed on Thursday, 11st 6lb. He is a carpenter, having been apprenticed to his father at Banbury, and has worked at that trade until within the past few months. From his boyhood he was present, if possible, at all sparring exhibitions, and was always anxious to have a set-to with the gloves. He went to Birmingham in 1861, and was matched to fight Dan Skyte, for £10 a side, at catch weight. The battle came off on July 1st, 1861, near Birmingham, and the young one (William) won in seven rounds and 20 min. His friends determined to look out for some higher game, and matched him, at a later period in the year, against the veteran Posh Price, of Birmingham, who had won every battle (over a dozen) he had fought but two, one being a defeat by Jem Mace, and the other a draw with Bodger Crutchley. Both were confined to weight—10st 12lb—and the amount at issue was £20 a side. Jackson was backed from Pemberton's, the Punch Tavern, St. Vincent street, hence his cognomen of Pemberton's Novice. They tried to bring affairs to a conclusion on Tuesday, November 26th, 1861, but did not appoint a referee, and therefore they had to meet the same evening at Mr. Porter's, the stakeholder, who decided the men should meet on Thursday, November 28th, at the Five Ashes, about eight miles from Wolverhampton. The betting was brisk at 6 to 4 on the Novice, which was taken freely when both were ready for the fray. The Novice gained first blood in the first round by a left-handed shot on the mouth, but was knocked down by a left-hander on the nose in the fifth round. After this, Jackson, who was gradually getting weaker, was punished most severely by Price, although now and again he fought a round or two in the most brilliant manner; but, despite all his gameness and struggles under difficulties, he was forced by physical prostration to allow his seconds to give in for him, after they had been fighting 54 min. 13 sec., during which forty-three rounds were gallantly contested. Jackson trained at home, at the Sportsman's Arms, Broad street, under Callaghan, who brought him to the ring side in first-rate fettle, and although he was 13st 4lb when he commenced training, hard work reduced him to 11st 6lb. Arrangements were made for the mill to be postponed until Thursday, and a commodious steamboat, the Marten (Mackay), chartered for the occasion at a very high tariff, which made the company very select. A short stay was made at North Woolwich, where the *voydgeurs* were largely reinforced, and a long trip down the silent highway was brought to a conclusion at about one o'clock, when the anchor was dropped, and the living freight quickly disembarked. The ring was soon pitched, and the men in fighting costume at the ring-side. Jackson was the first to throw in his cap, quickly followed by Ryall. The latter won the toss for corners, and took the upper ground, having, as well, the sun at his back. The betting was 2 to 1 on Ryall, which was taken in two or three instances. Both received the services of well-skilled seconds, and

his opponent was all over the ring. Jackson was very wild, and short in two attempts with the left on the head, but managed to stir up Ryall by a stinging right-hander on the body. Ryall, after missing twice, the third time paid another visit to the right eye, and followed it up by going in with a rush. The fighting was quick and severe, both hands being used with telling effect. Jackson delivered his right well home three times, Ryall only knocking Jackson's head back twice before he slipped down, the Banbury pet not succeeding with a severe upper cut by the merest trifle.

7. Jackson was bleeding profusely, but very strong on his legs; Ryall was comparatively unhurt, but blowing very freely. The Brum continued to force the fighting, and followed the young one all over the ring; Jackson very nearly stopped several straight left-handers, but was very short in his return. Ryall, who would not be denied, forced his way to a close, in which each was busy with the right at the side of the head, until both were down side by side. Time, 11 min.

8. Jackson's right eye was nearly closed, and Ryall showed his first mark of punishment in a slight cut on the chin. After some shifty "trotting," Jackson jumped in, and with the left invested heavily on Ryall's mouth, and getting back, slipped down.

9. Both were well up to time, and as Ryall would not allow any sparring, he went to work by dashing his left on to young Bill's nose, drawing the cork. Both were then short and wild with the left, but Ryall soon steadied himself, and rushed to a close. After some random exchanges, Ryall got the hold, but was forced back to the ropes, over which both fell, Jackson uppermost. Time 16½ min.

10 to 13. In these rounds the fighting was pretty level, as Jackson, although punished, was very strong on his legs, while Ryall, totally unhurt, was blowing, and, consequently, much slower than previously. The Novice fought, as before, to keep Ryall on his legs, and belted or ducked when the Brum made his charge. He ducked once too often, for Ryall caught him *a la* Heenan, and pulled him across the ring, Jackson fighting at the body until he fell. In the thirteenth, Ryall had the best of the out-fighting until he slipped, when Jackson buried his left in the belly, and as Ryall dashed at him, he fell deliberately. An appeal to the referee was followed by a caution from that functionary.

14. Jackson was up first, but would not stand being planted on, for he again "trotted" all over the ring. Ryall followed his man, and administered four straight left handers on the facial region without a return. Jackson having missed with a couple of vicious right-hand swingers; Ryall finished the round by planting heavily on the mouth with the left, and, boring in, fought Jackson down. Time in the second ring, 25 min.

15 to 17. These rounds were fought much in favor of Ryall, who was almost unhurt, but blowing like a grampus. Jackson, as he ducked to avoid, was again caught in the Heenan hug, and was held for some time in a vice-like grip, until he somehow managed to slip through Ryall's hold.

18 to 20. Ryall was fast recovering his strength and wind, whilst Jackson's eye was fast closing. The hitting was apparently equal, but Ryall, who was now much the better general, hit with more precision, and at the finish of the rounds Jackson was sadly disfigured. In the last, Jackson made a rush, closed, and fought Ryall down, amidst the cheers of his party, the "Sporting Butcher" of Banbury being the most vociferous. Time, in the second ring, 34½ min.

21. Jackson was very short at the body, but succeeded in landing at the second attempt. Ryall bored in and forced the fighting, and when Jackson stood and countered with the left, Ryall got on a fine double with the left on the nose, drawing no end of a cork, and knocking Jackson on to the flat of his back.

22. This was a tremendous fighting round, as all attempts at science were ignored; they fought with both hands until they grappled, then broke away, and renewed the hitting at half-armed distance until Jackson fell. Time, 41 min.

23. Jackson now had both eyes in mourning, and Ryall had a cut under the left eye—an old wound made by Joe Goss being reopened. Ryall fought with the left at the head, Jackson at the body; but the latter was falling very weak, and Ryall, on the contrary, was recovering. This was another brilliant round, the hitting being much in favor of Ryall, who forced the in-fighting, and bored Jackson down at the ropes. Time, 47 min.

24 and 25 were much in favor of Ryall, who, as soon as he could, closed, and fought with both hands until they broke away. Jackson had received orders to go in and fight; he obeyed, but was met by a right-hander on the jaw, and immediately afterwards Ryall invested a very heavy left-hander on the Banbury man's left eye, again knocking him down. Time, 56 min.

26. Jackson came up very much punished, and virtually defeated; for, after Ryall had planted a couple of long-rangers with the left, Jackson bored in, and after having much the worst of the exchanges, fell evidently from weakness.

27. As soon as Jackson faced Ryall, the latter set to work by getting hit very heavily on the nose, and then on the right eye, cutting it severely. Jackson tried to meet Ryall when he rushed, but was helpless, and went to grass by a right-hander on the side of the head. Jackson was out of time, and the usual term for rest (30 sec.) having expired, the referee stepped into the ring, and when the other allowance of time (8 sec.) was up, Bill Ryall was hailed the winner after fighting 1 hour 20 sec. in the second ring, or 1 hour 14 min. 20 sec. in the two rings. Jackson came to soon afterwards, and wanted to renew the contest. He shed tears of mortification at his defeat, but the sympathy shown by his friends did much to reconcile him to his fate.

REMARKS.

The above fight requires but little comment, although it was remarkable for the unexpected termination to what at first threatened to be a tame affair. Bill Ryall, although the winner, did not show anything like the form he exhibited in his previous fight with Joe Goss; but that, no doubt, originates from the fact of his being a boniface and the great weight he was when he went into training for this mill. Jackson has proved himself to be a glutton in taking punishment, but he met his master in generalship on Thursday, and, despite Jackson's beautiful condition, Ryall wore him fairly out; and so severely was he punished toward the conclusion, that no one but a game man would have put up with it.

THE MILL THAT DIDN'T COME OFF.—"Another disappointment" in matters *pugilistique*, has lately become the order of the day in the cotton district, and the present match forms no exception to the rule. Bill Cox, who hails from Manchester, and Jack Taylor, of Ardwick, were matched to fight at catch-weight, for £5 a side, which sum was duly deposited in the hands of the final stakeholder, and the mill was fixed for May 16, but at the "eleventh" hour the lads agreed to "draw," in consequence of not being able to agree mutally, on some slight detail not provided for by the articles. Thus has another Manchester match ended in smoke.

HAULED UP.—At the Walsall Guildhall, on Thursday May 19, Tierney and Maley appeared to answer a charge of having assembled at Bloxwich with intent to commit a breach of the peace, by fighting a prize fight. Sergeant Martin deposed to having found them stripped and ready to fight at New Town, in a properly constructed ring, on May 3rd. The defendants, who admitted the offence, and promised never to offend again, were ordered to be bound over to keep the peace for twelve months, themselves in £10 each, and one surety each in a like amount.

ANOTHER DEERFOOT HUMBUG.—George Martin, the manager of the late Deerfoot troupe which travelled all over England gulling the public wherever they went, has another sensation runner in the person of "Steeprock, the Great Indian Runner," who according to notices in the *Sporting Life*, has arrived in London. His arrival is thus announced:—"Jesse Smith, of the Proud Peacock, Maiden lane, Covent Garden, begs to say that this renowned pedestrian has taken up his quarters at Juno's favorite, with his squaw from his wigwam in the western prairies. The amiable "Daughter of the Desert" is famed among the twelve tribes as the finest worker in all bead-work, mocassins, and the gorgeous dresses of Indian warriors. A grand display is now on view, worthy of any noble lady's boudoir. Steeprock's challenges to the pale faces will be found elsewhere." Here are the challenges to the pale faces above alluded to:—"A gentleman has left £5 with us on account of Steeprock, the North American Indian, to run W. Richards, the Welshman; Jackson, the American Deer; or Jones, of Islington, twenty miles, for £25 a side, and will be at our office on Monday next, at eleven o'clock, to draw up articles. Or he will enter into a sweepstakes with them, the winner to take the whole of the money."

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

GEORGE LEA.

THIS gentleman, whose likeness we present to our readers, ranks next to P. T. Barnum, one of the oldest showmen in the country, having been actively engaged in the business for the past twenty-two years. The subject of our sketch was born in Paris in the year 1819, and is therefore forty-five years of age. When quite a lad, his father removed to England, where he engaged as a teacher of languages at Grosvenor College, in the city of Bath, at which institution George finished his education, and was apprenticed to an apothecary and chemist, where, by diligent study and close application to his profession, he eventually became quite celebrated as a pharmaceutist. Having a great desire to see America, he emigrated to this country in 1838, bringing with him testimonials of his proficiency in his business from several celebrated chemists of Bath, with the aid of which he soon obtained a lucrative situation in a Broadway store. Mr. Lea first embarked in the show business in New York, where he opened the Old Franklin Theatre, in Chatham street, which he purchased for the sum of three hundred dollars, from the celebrated clown James Kemp. Thinking to induce the morality class to visit his exhibition, he changed the name of the edifice to the Franklin Museum, in imitation of Barnum, and for a long time gave two performances daily, consisting of a series of *tableaux vivants*, which were visited by thousands of persons of both sexes. After a successful management of five years at this place, he next purchased the lease of Charley White's Opera House; also No. 49 Bowery and the Dutch Theatre, which he bought of E. P. Christy; also the Gothic Hall, in Broadway near Pearl street, and a concert Hall in Grand street near Broadway, all of which, owing to his superior managerial capabilities, paid him a handsome profit. He next took the Gaities Concert Hall, 600 Broadway, and soon made it one of the best paying institutions in the metropolis; was proprietor of the Chatham Theatre at one time, and of the Olympic or French Theatre, under T. B. Johnston's management, where he lost, it is said, $12,000 in six weeks. He next opened a Concert Hall in Brooklyn, upon the site now occupied by Hooley's Opera House; kept the Philadelphia Olympic three months, where he was again unsuccessful; got the Crystal Palace mania, and built extensively around the Palace, and gave promenade concerts, where he also lost $10,000. Vauxhall Garden, the once fashionable promenade resort in the Bowery, was another of Mr. Lea's enterprises, where he succeeded handsomely until the buildings were removed for the purpose of re-building upon the site. The Melodeon, New York, may also be added to the list of amusement edifices once conducted by Mr. Lea, which place he took when the proprietor was losing upwards of $300 weekly, but by introducing an array of talented artists (among the rest, Sam Cowell, to whom Mr. Lea paid $300 per week), far superior to any other similar institution in the city, the tide of fortune soon turned in his favor, and in a short time the Melodeon was a paying institution, but "the powers that be" enacted a law against the employment of waiter girls in Concert Halls, and the Melodeon was closed, Mr. Lea deeming it advisable to "wait until something turned up." Leased the Baltimore Melodeon when all other managers refused to touch it, where he was successful for two years, but owing to the recently enacted stringent laws of the State, he has lately sold out to Mr. W. H. Coles. The Melodeon, Detroit, Mich., (Beller's old stand), was under his management for a year, and lately the Academy of Music, New Orleans, where, it is said, he has reaped a golden harvest, under the direction of Mr. Frank Rivers, having employed the best combination of talented artists ever brought together. He is the present proprietor of the "Canterbury," Washington, one of the very best Concert Halls in America. The public are also indebted to Mr. Lea for the recent exhibition at Jones' Wood of the Great Fire King, he being the silent financier and manager of the affair, which, while it gave the utmost satisfaction to those present and called forth the highest encomiums from the entire New York press, proved financially a failure, Mr. Lea being a heavy loser by the operation. Mr. Lea is believed by many to be possessed of considerable wealth, but we are credibly informed that such is not the case, his speculative spirit and a strict adherence to honest dealings precluding the possibility of such a result.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

J. P. SWAN, Detroit.—Thanks for your kind letter; we are impatient to see some of those problems. You will receive a fuller reply through A. H. Bury.

H. A. B., Detroit.—We forwarded you, a few days since, a reliable copy of the game you required.

M. N.—We understand that F. H. Elder is not now in Detroit, but meditates practising law in Chicago. We shall seek an opportunity to write you, shortly.

F. EUGENE BRENZINGER.—The *Sonntags Zeitung* reaches us regularly, for which accept our thanks—not forgetting that we owe you a letter.

Enigma No. 432.

A deservedly prize problem in Birmingham Tourney.

"Excelsior."

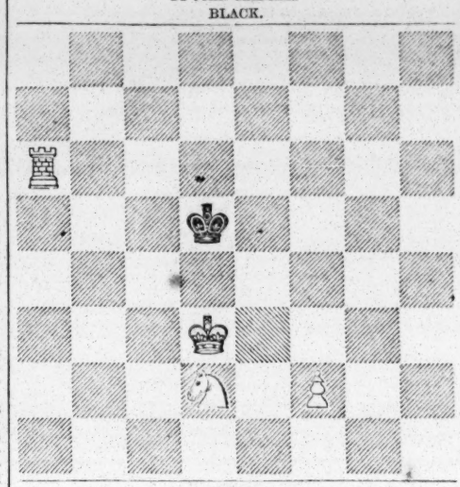
BY FRANCIS HEALEY, ESQ.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Problem No. 432.

BY JOHN GARDNER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

Game No. 432.

Played by two of the leading amateurs of the Egmondville C. C., C. W.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

Attack, Mr. S——.	Defence, Mr. J——.	Attack, Mr. S——.	Defence, Mr. J——.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	23..P to K 6	Kt to K B 3
2..K Kt–B 3	K Kt–B 3	24..P–K B 5	P–K Kt 4 (*b*)
3..K Kt × P	P–Q 3	25..P–Q R 4 (*c*)	R–Q Kt sq
4..Kt × B P	K × K Kt	26..K R–K sq	P–Q B 3 (*d*)
5..K B–B 4 +	P–Q 4 (*a*)	27..P–Q 6	K R–K sq
6..B–Q Kt 3	Q–K sq	28..P–Q 7	K R–Q sq
7..K B × P +	K Kt × B	29..P–K R 3	K–his B sq
8..Q–K R 5 +	P–K Kt 3	30..P–Q Kt 3 (*e*)	K–his 2
9..Q × K Kt +	Q–K 3	31..P–K R 4	P–K R 3
10..Q Kt–B 3	Q × Q	32..R P × P	R P × P
11..Q Kt × Q	K B–Q 3	33..Q R–B sq	P–Q Kt 4
12..P–Q 4	P–Q B 3	34..R P × P	R P × P
13..Q Kt–K 3	P–Q B 4	35..K–his B 2	K R–home
14..P–Q 5	K–his Kt 2	36..P–Q Kt 4	B P × P
15..Kt–Q B 4	K R–Q sq	37..P–Q B 4	P × P *en pas*
16..Q B–Kt 5	K R–Q 2	38..Q R × P	K R–his 7 +
17..P–K 5	K B–K 2	39..K–Kt 3	Q R–K R sq
18..Q B × B	K R × B	40..P Queens +	K × 2d Q
19..P–K B 4	Q B–B 4	41..K R–Q sq +	K–his 2
20..Q Kt–K 3	P–Q Kt 3	42..Q R–B 7 +	Q Kt–Q 2
21..Castles, K R	Q Kt–Q 2	43..K R × Kt +	K–his B 3,
22..P–K Kt 4	Q B–K 5	and the Defence wins.	

(*a*) Q B to K 3d, or retreat the K at once, had been better than giving the Attack a third P for his Kt, and reckless assault, for which he really ought to get but two. This Attack is only to be perpetrated upon a weaker brother prone to being easily demoralized.

(*b*) The right move, notwithstanding the formidable phalanx of passed pawns on its flank.

(*c*) Why not advance Q P or, at least, support it with Q R?

(*d*) Not well timed; should have taken Q P with B.

(*e*) If his 26th move meant anything it meant to seek an opportunity of removing the Kt to some effective position, where he could actively join the assault and at the same time unmask a strong range from the R in support of the pioneer pawns so eagerly pressing to promotion. That time we believe, has now arrived, and he should have played Kt to Q B 4th, with a fine, interesting game. The rest of the *partie* is not well played by Mr. S.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

A. T. CRANE, Jersey City, N. J.—All of our best Draught players occupy lowly stations in life, and are not troubled with much capital, which accounts for no very numerous or large stakes at the game. Wylie is a pedlar, Drummond is a slate roofer, Hay is a carpet weaver, McIntosh is a hatter, Martins and Hudson are coffee house keepers, Lewis is a print designer, Drysdale is a clerk, Mercer is a book keeper, Bethell is a conveyancer, and Anderson was a stocking weaver.

D. PALMER, Washington, D. C.—The parties for whom your note was intended are out of town, and we are waiting very patiently for their return. As soon as they do return, we will notify you by mail.

NEMO, New Castle, Del.—Your letter is received. We have not examined the move since we wrote you last. The notes are made from our own examination.

W. R. BETHELL, Philadelphia, Pa.—Package and letter received. Will attend to that matter next week.

H. CASTLE, New York.—We have carefully analysed your compositions, and find that the first is necessarily won by force, as Black has quite as good a position as White, and a man more! We find the second too transparent, nevertheless don't despair, "pick the flint, and try again."

R. H. BOUGHTON, Leavenworth, Kan.—The position appears (as you affirm) to be a draw—will examine thoroughly, however, before deciding, as appearances may only be appearances, eh? If sound, it shall find space."

W. S. KNIGHT, New York.—One game still on hand. The "championship" takes preference.

J. A. DE CON, Brooklyn.—As above.

Game No. 9--Vol. XII.

NINTH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

Wylie, Black.	Martins, White.		Wylie, Black.	Martins, White.	
1..10 to 15	21 to 17		18..17 to 21(*c*)	23 to 19	
2.. 6(*a*) 10	17	14	19..11	16	18 14
3.. 9 18	23	14	20..16	23	26 19
4..10 17	22	13	21..20	24	19 15
5..11 16	26	22	22..24	27	15 11
6.. 8 11	22	18	23..27	31	14 10
7..15 22	25	18	24..31	27	10 7
8.. 7 10	29	25	25..12	16	7 3
9.. 3 7	25	22	26..16	19	13 9
10..16 20	24	19	27..19	23	9 5
11..11 15	18	11	28..23	26	30 23
12.. 7 23	27	18	29..27	18	28 24
13.. 4 8	32(*b*)	27	30..18	14	24 20
14.. 8 11	27	23	31..14	10	11 8
15..10 14	18	9	32.. 2	7	20 16
16.. 5 14	22	18	33..10	6	3 10
17..14 17	31	26	34.. 6	15	16 11

Drawn.

(*a*) The new move. Drummond plays 9 to 13 and draws.

(*b*) 22 to 17 is a stronger move.

(*c*) A forced move.

Solution of Position No. 8, Vol. XII.

BY H. F. W.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1.. 7 to 11	15 to 8	3..14 to 17	21 to 7
2..12 16	19 12	4.. 1	3, and that's all.

Solution of Critical Position.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

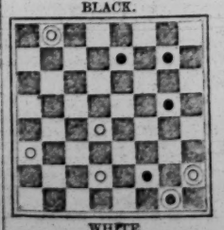
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1.. 2 to 7	31 to 27	3..28 to 24	19 to 28
2.. 7 11	27 32	4..18	23, and wins.

Position No. 9.--Vol. XII.

BY F. A. HAMILTON, ESQ.

A Study for Beginners.

BLACK.



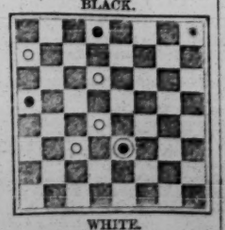
WHITE.

White to move and win.

Critical Position.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

OUR GAME BAG.

AMOROUS ADVENTURES OF A GASMAN.—While Mons. Goddard was filling an immense balloon in the Champ de Mars, he amused himself by sending up the small figure of a man, the perfect semblance of M. Thiers without spectacles. The little man being filled with gas, rose majestically into the air, and was soon lost to view among the clouds. His adventures, which became known next day, were curious. Thanks to a strong and favorable gale, which impelled him on his course, the little balloon man arrived the same afternoon in sight of a fine country house in the neighborhood of Bleyro. It was near the hour of dinner, and the lady of the mansion, who naturally thought herself perfectly safe, was occupied in the mysteries of her toilet. It was a warm day and she had opened one of the windows which looked out upon the park, and was safe from any prying eyes. While tranquilly engaged, by the assistance of corset lacing, in reducing her waist to a size and shape that would reflect credit on her husband's taste, she was suddenly startled by a blast of wind, followed by a strange noise; and immediately the casement was thrown open, and our little balloon man entered her chamber unannounced. The lady utters a cry of terror, and throws a shawl over her shoulders. The little man, driven by the wind, throws himself upon the unhappy woman, who, screaming louder than ever, pushes him off, and he conceals himself under the bed. As the wife in a supplicating voice says to this novel Don Juan, "Ah, Monsieur go away or you will ruin me!" the husband rushes furiously in, crying, "Ah, the wretch, I have him now!" and flies in search of his sword to run him through the body. The wife, more dead than alive, reiterates, in the midst of sobs, 'Fly, fly Monsieur, and save me the sight of a dreadful tragedy!" The husband arrives, armed to the teeth, followed by the whole household, who seek to mollify his anger. While two of his friends hold the husband, a third, stooping down, perceives our little friend, who, for a good cause, utters not a word. Catching him by the leg, they draw him forth from his concealment, when lo! Monsieur Balloon, no longer held down by the bedstead, raises himself erect, swells out and rises majestically to the ceiling, to the immense amusement of the spectators; while the poor jealous husband slinks away, sword and all, heartily ashamed of his causeless wrath.

A DOCTOR'S PUN.—"Don't you think my son resembles me?" inquired an apothecary, as he introduced his greasy-faced boy to the witty Dr. H. "Yes," replied the doctor, pretending to scan the physiognomy of each; "yes, I think I see your liniments in his countenance."

DESERVES IT.—A country individual, who was caught in the waterwheel of a saw-mill, says he intends to apply for a pension, as he is a survivor of the revolution.

OH!—Jacob says that the reason why the girls are most anxious to marry when the days are shortest, is that then the nights *are the longest*.

PLEASE RING THE BELL.—Boy (*reading the sign*)—PLEASE RING THE BELL. Vy, of course I vill! Anythink to oblige a person as speaks so perlitely!

TYPES.—
The type of a Glazier should be Diamond.
The type of an Oyster should be pearl.
The type of a Jeweler should be Agate.
The type of an Honest Man should be Nonpareil.
The type of Citizen should be Bourgeois.
The type of a Schoolmaster should be Primer.
The type of a Bull should be English.
The type of Freedom should be Columbian.
The type of a Maiden should be Paragon.
The type of a Mother should be double Paragon.
The type of an old Maid should be Antique.
The type of a Soldier should be Canon.
The type of an Author should be Script.
The type of a Preacher should be Text.
The type of Aristocracy should be Title.
The type of a Baby should be small Caps.
The type of a Hussy should be Boldface.
The type of an Alderman should be Extended.
The type of a Drunkard should be Backslope.
The type of a Barber should be Hairline.
The type of our Foundry should be Excelsior.

AFFECTING SERENADE TO SALLY RICE.—A gentleman who recently put up at log tavern in Wisconsin, was awakened by a young man who commenced a serenade thus:—

"O, Sally Rice,
I've called you twice,
And yet you lie and snore;
I pray you awake
And see your Jake,
And open to him the door or window, I don't care which, for
It makes but little difference
To either you or I—
Big pig, little pig,
Root hog, or die."

COULDN'T APPRECIATE CONUNDRUMS.—Some wag tells a story of an old gentleman whose eight or ten clerks bored him continually with conundrums. Going home one evening, he was stopped in front of an empty store by a countryman, who asked: "Can you tell me, my friend, why this store is closed?" "Go to blazes," cried he, "with your conundrums. I've been bored to death with 'em these three weeks."

TAX VS. NAILS.—"Our children will have the immense tax on their hands," said an American gentleman. "Oh, horrible," exclaimed an elderly lady, "what a blessing it is that we have nails on ours."

OLD HAT.—Punch says:—"Women are said to have stronger attachments than men. It is not so. A man is often attached to a little old hat; but did you ever know of a woman having an attachment for an old bonnet?"

WELL ANSWERED.—"What is mind?" "No matter." "What is matter?" "Never mind." "What is the soul?" "It is immaterial."

WHAT MARY SAID TO JOHN.—
Quoth Mary to John:
"How wicked are men!
To Abraham's bosom
Scarce one goes in ten."

WHAT JOHN SAID TO MARY.—
Quoth John to Mary:
"Why should they, my dear,
Since daily they find
Far sweeter ones here?"

EXACTLY WHAT SHE WANTED.—A young woman had been converted at a camp meeting. The minister had told her that if she had faith, the Lord would give her whatever she would ask in prayer. Believing implicitly in his words, she one evening retired to a grove and fervently prayed the Lord to give her a man. It so happened that an owl sat up in one of the trees, and being disturbed, gave out a boo-o-o! She thought the Lord had heard her prayer and only wished to know her choice. She was overjoyed, and with the greatest thankfulness of spirit answered back: "Anybody, Lord, if it's only a man."

HOW MISS CHEEVIS WAS MADE WISE.—The following stanza, on the marriage of Reuben Wise with Miss Matilda Cheevis, is exceedingly well told and witty:—

At length she seized the proffer'd prize,
(A happy one believe us,)
For matrimony made her Wise—
Before she was Miss Cheevis.

STEAMING UP.—Jenkins is a man who takes things humorously. When his best friend was blown into the air by a 'bustin biler,' Jenkens cried after him. There you go, my *ex-steemed* friend."

TOBACCO VS. BUTTER.—The following was posted in his house, a few days since by a Poughkeepsie man:

HEADQUARTERS, HOUSE OF ——.

"GENERAL ORDER, No. 1.—JULIA: Until the price falls, no more butter will be used in our family. JAMES."

He had hardly reached his counting house when a special messenger handed him this:

"JAMES: Until butter is reinstated, no more tobacco will be used in this house. JULIA, Chief of Staff."

It is said that butter won.

SILENCED HIS BATTERIES.—I cannot say that I sympathise with you, sir, in commiserating the sufferings of our heroic soldiery, for I think it must be "Sweet to die for one's country." "Why don't you go to war, then?" "O, well, that is—ah!—indeed, I must say, *I never did like sweet things!*"

NEW DEFINITION OF RELICS.—"Jim," inquired a school-boy of one of his mates," what's the meaning of relics?" "Don't know? Well, I'll tell you. You know master licked me in school yesterday?" "Yes." "Well, he kept me in and licked me again. That is what I call re-licked."

THE "FINISHING" TRADE.—A female witness at the Court of Sessions the other day, who was asked what business her husband followed, said he was engaged in "finishing." Further explanation was necessary, and, after a brief examination, she continued, "Finishing his time in Sing Sing Prison.

THE ASSUMPTIONIST.—A good bit of wit transpired some years ago in the Louisiana Legislature, which, perhaps, has not yet appeared in print. "Sir," said a member from Assumption, "I am here, the proud representative of my constituents; I am here from the parish of Assumption, and while I stand on this floor, I and Assumption are of a piece." "Yes" said an honorable member opposite; "and you are the greatest piece of Assumption that was ever heard of."

WELL TOLD.—A traveler was last week recounting with an air of truth a most incredible story, when Ned Harding, who is a sweet talker, and cares about as little for truth as the devil cares for holy water, whistled off the following:—But, sir, all that is not much, since I can assure you that the celebrated organist Volger once imitated thunder so perfectly that he curdled the milk for three leagues round.

A PUGILISTIC SPECULATION.—We hear that Mr. M'Lean, of the Kingston Hotel, is about to go to England, and that he and Mr. R. M'Laren, of M'Laren's Hotel, Bridge street, have almost or quite decided to make overtures to the pugilists, Sayers, King, and Heenan, to come to Victoria on a "starring" expedition. The project comprises a tour over all the Australian colonies, the heroes of the ring to be exhibited, and perchance to give "rehearsals" as well of their celebrated battles.—*Balaarat Star.*

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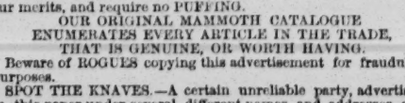

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City Summary.

MONDAY, June 6, 1864.

THE "barmy" month of June opens upon us with all the freshness and fragrance of a newly-blown rose, and if the odor which greets our "olfactories"—as "our Jim" would say—is not quite as sweet scented as the king of flowers, it is not because our street cleaners have not stirred up the gutters, and made architectural mud piles, leaving them to foster and boil in the summer sun. Our street cleaners are character actors. They nurse their little old mud banks with all the tenderness of a young mother over her first born; they take the dirt up very tenderly, handle it with care, and if anybody or anything is hurt by the manipulation of these operators, or if the filth in the streets is lessened by their arduous labors, we have failed to perceive it. We do not believe our friends in the Navy Yard work with more ease over a job than our friends of the street brigade do over their gutters, and cobbles, and Belgian blocks.....The theatres are preparing for the early closing movement; or, at least, for the close of the season, some of them, perhaps, to resume business almost immediately. There is some talk of another theatre to be built up town, but we have no authentic information upon the subject. The name of Laura Keene has been mentioned in connection with this proposed enterprise, and we have no doubt the Keene lady would like to settle down once more among us, in her own shanty, with a host of scene shifters, carpenters, painters, *ballet* and *corps dramatique* to do her bidding, and carry on a fresh campaign for her. We don't believe Laura has made a great deal by her travelling business—carting around three or four people, paying their travelling expenses, hotel bills, baggage smashing, in addition to their regular salaries, is not a very profitable employment; to make it pay at all, a feller must have good houses *all* the time; for there's the time consumed in travelling, the time consumed in eating—a *long* time at that, too—and more time lost in holding over at one place or another: all this time lost creates depression in the manager's pockets, and makes the strength of the company weak, lazy, and demoralised. For this and other reasons we don't imagine that Laura returns with a heart full of gratitude and a pocket full of postal currency.....There is a good deal of talk about what this theatre is going to do, what changes that manager contemplates making, who this actor is going with, who that, and who the other. At present, many changes are threatened, and it is probable that the manager who makes the most liberal use of his money, can have his pick of the market. For the past two or three years, actor people have worked on very low salaries, as a general thing, while our theatres have never done a better business. The incessant demands upon the poor player for costumes, with the almost double cost of everything used in the construction of stage dresses, have brought his assets down to a pretty low figure, and when to this is added the increased price of provisions of all kinds, the raise in the price of board, and the double figures for whiskey, and such things, the balance sheet exhibits a considerable deficit on the actor's side, and a corresponding deficit on behalf of the tailor and boarding-house keeper. To atone for these shortcomings, the heavy man, the light comedian, the villain and their kindred associations will have to make out a new tariff, and strike the managers for higher salaries. The movement, we learn, has already commenced, and several changes have been made on the strength of it. When the fall campaign comes to be inaugurated, we shall then be able to see its full effects.....It requires a heap of money to take a girl to a place of amusement in these perilous war times; it's not the cost of entering that is so much complained of as the after accompaniments—for no young feller expects to be let off with the mere price of a ticket to the theatre. Its the supper, the refreshments that every young gal looks for as naturally and as regularly as she looks for her beau on Sunday evening. Why if a man hesitates to tender the usual refreshing invitation to the young woman of his choice, he is at once set down as mean, deceitful, and "prejudiced." These gushing young things have no idea of the cost of suppers—prices current don't bother *them* any—and whether a porter-house steak is a couple of shillings or a couple of dollars, it is no concern of theirs. And the worst of it is, if you ask a luscious young thing in to partake of refreshments, the "damn fool," as a provoked friend of ours once remarked, is sure to call for broiled chicken, or something of the sort that is sure to oversize a common sized man's pile. If you flinch, they make game of you. Conundrum.—"Why is a porter-house steak like venison?" "Because its dear meat." Excuse the interruption, deluded readers, but we had it on the brain just then, and had to let it off or deprive you of an uncommon good thing. *C'est vrai*—it is true. —ED.] Again, if to the sweet you would tender sweets, why it takes a legal tender dollar bill to buy a pound, when, in other days, sixpence would keep the girl supplied for a whole evening. So, too, with beverages—cobblers, mint juleps, smashes, and other summery luxuries; it takes a mint of money to keep up a run of mint juleps; and as for cobblers, there's no end to the rise in price; they take almost all a man can raise to pay for one for his inamorata. The foregoing brilliant composition is supposed to be of a humorous character, full of funny hits, and sound and fury, with the usual signification. *Periti miscra* [Wretch that I am. —ED.] Speaking of sherry cobblers, thirsty friends, do you know the how to concoct the prime article, such as needs no bush? Of course you do not; you may understand how to fix up a cobbler in the common style, but not in all its great effulgence. We'll learn you, and can take no more appropriate time for it than the present. Attend then:—Powder your fine white sugar or crystal candy, and sprinkle the mass through a sieve over a tumbler of powdered ice—every particle of which is broken into lumps not larger than a pea. Into another vessel pour two wine glasses of pale, gold sherry wine, over the fine cut peeling of half a lemon—peelings which have sucked into their pores sufficient acid from the ripened pulp to make the pungent rind flavored like a China orange—and then, for a minute or so, suffer the spirit of the wine to extract the rich aroma. Next, dash the contents of one tumbler into the other till fruit and fluid, ice and sugar, sweet and sour, warmth and frost, are mixed and married by this delicate "runaway" process, and the dew of their bridal kiss coats the sides of the vessel with a creamy veil. Then allowing the new married couple to cool from the first extatic moments of their swimming embrace,—you sip the delicious pair in the dreamy elysium of their "honey moon." Friends, we've been there. Try it once, and you will ne'er touch lager beer again.....We will now compose a few lines on a poor player—common metre:—

Oh! manager, spare that "stick," cut not a single "bow,"
In youth he was a brick, perhaps he's on it now;
'Twas some spout shop up town that sent him to the spot—
Then, manager, do not frown, but let the poor stick rot.

Our Jim, who delights in intruding upon us when the genius of poetry hovers o'er us, has just dashed in through the window for more copy, cutting the thread of our discourse, his own hand, and the line of our poetic imaginings, at one full swoop. If it was not that we get the boy so cheap, we'd discharge him on the spot.

ONE SUMMER EVE, by Heller led, to Broadway street, our way we sped, and then to ease our melon cholic, we entered his "Salle Diabolique;" the wondrous things we there did see, would chase away dyspepsi-e, would cure the blues, and all such ills, much better far than Brandreth's pills. End of the poem. Heller is a tearer on the magic boards, and performs feats that would have consigned him to a flight on the broomstick had he lived in the days of witchcraft, of which craft we have very few descendants in the present day. New York audiences are proverbially composed of well-disposed, good-natured people: were it otherwise, magicians, physists, and escamoteurists would be well paid out for their deceptive entertainments. It is not so everywhere, for in some outlandish places the people rebel and show fight. Little story in exemplification:—About two years ago, when Heller was travelling in Ohio, and showing the ignorant cusses in some of the country towns what he could do in the way of sleight of hand, he gave an entertainment in the town of Wooster, and in the course of his performance he borrowed a two-dollar-and-a-half hat from a certain medical specimen of pomposity, whose name, in the words of that woman, Ann Dickinson, we shall never utter. From this two-dollar-and-a-half hat the magician extracted a variety of baby clothes, much to the lafture of the spectators, but to the great grief of the doctor. The trick is as old as the "green hills of Tyrol we see thee still," but is always provocative of good humor among country people. The doctor, instead of joining "in the laugh, boys, ha! ha! ha!" as Ben Parvin, the blind vocalist used to sing, got mad, became indignant, and actually waited upon a lawyer the next day to ascertain if there was not ground for him to commence suit for damages. The lawyer, who was not a shyster, and therefore not on the make, told him not to make a fool of himself, when, finding that he could not damage the magician's pocket, he undertook to damage his clothes; for as Heller was passing the doctor's window, the latter flung the contents of a bad egg upon the magician's coat, who, becoming egg-cessively incensed at this unsavory egg-change for his baby linen, essayed to punch the doctor's head, but the medical man quickly showed the white feather, backed out, amid the jeers of an appreciative audience, and became a target for the verdant jokes of the rural wags of Wooster. This very Heller, who was so badly done by a bad egg and a bad feller, is now at his saloon on Broadway. Reader, *this* is no idle tale.

THEY have gone from our gaze like a beautiful beam; we are lost in a maze, a Mazeppaish dream; and why? says the ubiquitous reader. We'll tell you why, thou green-eyed monster. Because what pleases the eye the heart yearneth after. For months we have feasted upon the luscious forms of female Mazeppas in tights; have gloated over their "alabaster shoulders," their "heaving bosoms," their "well-rounded limbs," their "symmetrical legs." For months we have seen those gorgeous charmers ruthlessly stripped and as ruthlessly strapped to the bare back of a "fiery, untamed steed:" for months we have seen those beauties in distress borne aloft on horse-back "to the extreme height of the theatre," and anon borne down again to the spot from whence they came, for their "rapid and perilous flight around the first circle;" we have seen "the Menken," with her beautiful face and classic head, and charms that would make Jeff Davis throw down his arms for one square look; we have seen Kate Fisher, bonnie Kate, with form fully rounded, and in her undress apparel a thing of beauty and a joy forever; we have gazed with rapture upon the piercing eye and so forth of the noble Hudson; and have directed a well-meaning glance at the well-developed physique of the Star of the West—Kate Vance. Their many "untamed steeds" have likewise enlisted a share of our earnest attention and interest. But alas! they have all passed away, to please the eyes of less "appreciative audiences" than those who patronised their efforts here. The field is vacant, and we look in vain for the flashing eye and flesiny tights of the lovely Mazeppas. We thought Mr. Lingard would have been equal to the emergency and kept the supply fully up to the demand, but the market is now as bare as our female Mazeppas themselves, and we mourn our loss. End of the dissertation on Mazeppa.

IN calling attention to some "incomprehensible and mysterious phenomena" being performed at the Cooper Institute last week, the indefatigable agent says of the hall—"It is ventilated by a large blower." The same may with equal truth be said of a sensational Sunday cotemporary.

MONT BLANC is said to be a remarkably cool place in the winter months, much snow abounding in those high latitudes, and keen nor'westers sending the weary traveller on a double quick from "dewy morn till evening shades appear." It would doubtless make a nice summer resort for ice-creamists, could we import the whole concern over here, but in the absence of Mont Blanc it is a source of pleasure to know that we can spend an evening very comfortably and pleasantly at Wood's Minstrel Hall, which is as cool an establishment as there is on the Broadway. With Nigger airs and native graces, the programme abounds; while song and dance, and fun and jocularity make up an entertainment of great popularity. One of the acts is "Going to Fight Mit Sigel." Good many peoples don't "fit mit Sigel" so much as they used.

HERE is a little anecdote thrown into our weekly dish to season the mess, and give zest to the enjoyment of our friends, just as pepper gives tone to oyster pie, and mustard to corn beef. One day, an actor—who was never entrusted with more than a brief message, on account of the weak propensity he had for strong drink—was taking a social tod with some friends at one of the numerous houses of call which line Houston street near Broadway, when the prompter's boy brought him a message, written as follows:—"Act I., Scene II., *at Behold he comes*,—go on to King, P. S., shake head, and come off." This appeared very simple, and the actor thought he certainly could do *that*, although he should be never so full, as there was nothing to say. All right, the aspiring youth repaired to the side, heard his cue, ran on the stage to the King, catched him by the collar, shook the King's head until his hat and wig fell off, and then retired in apparent satisfaction at what he had done. The actor following could not smother his laughter. The prompter abused our whisky-drinking player for committing such a blunder, but he contended that he was correct according to the words of the part; "for," said he, "as it only expressed *shake head*, I surely had a right to my choice which head I should make use of." There are plenty such actors running round through the country at the present day.

THE "last readings" of Mr. & Mrs. Vandenhoff were continued last week.

ONLY A FEW WEEKS more will the numerous patrons of "444" Broadway be permitted to enjoy the performances of the company now engaged at that house, and to feast upon the pretty faces and lovely forms of the *ballet*, for their annual engagement in Boston soon commences, when they will be lost to our sight, though to our memory be ever dear. Embrace the opportunity that now offers, and visit the gay and happy "American," where the dance, the song, the laugh predominate, and where a mighty big show is given for a very little money.

THE FOLLOWING EXTRACTS from some "Rejected Verses" composed by our Jim with one hand tied behind him, are submitted for the readers of the CLIPPER to pass judgment upon. They were originally sent for exhibition in the "Curiosity" department of the "Sanitary Fair," but they were never "exposed" to the Fair gaze. To show our esteem for Jim, we offer them here:

VERSES ON THE OLD BOWERY.
*By Our Jim.**

I.

In Bowery street, a theatre there don't stand
Which it is the noblest building in the land
Although the neighborhood abounds with lager manufactures
In the Old Bowery Theatre there ain't nothin' but good actors

II.

The boys much favor to it shows
And every evening to it goes
Which shows putty good discrimination
When war is ragin' in the nation

III.

It's a place that's conducted on the quiet
And not often now you don't see no fight
Four times it was burnt down when Hamblin had
It—which made the worthy Ham feel very bad

IV.

A WARY FOX don't run fit now
And a Herring helps to make it go
Excuse these verses and read 'em at your leisure
For I'm only a boy of five foot six apothecary's measure

*P S—Put me name to it as usual

Jimmy's crude verses are not out of the way for "a boy of five foot six apothecary's measure," and we cannot understand why they were rejected by the "Curiosity" committee of the late Fair.

THE OLD BOWERY, certainly *is* a favorite place with the boys; yes, and with older people, too, as the crowded state of the house during the past season fully testifies. A more prosperous season than the past we do not believe was ever experienced in the old house before, and to the energy of Mr. Fox and his able assistants is this success to be attributed. New pieces have succeeded new pieces the season through, and though they may not have been of that refined character which some of the Broadway houses seem to favor, yet they were of the style which satisfies the tastes of the east-siders. There is one thing about the Old Bowery which we like, and that is, the variety of pieces offered, embracing pantomime, tragedy, comedy, dramady, farcedy, and a little of all other sorts.

SAID A BRAVE LITTLE BOY to his father one day, "you promised to take me to see a good play: now is the time then, for at Holman's, Broadway, 'Cinderella' is brought out most gorgeous they say." The father, to humor the pride of his heart, resolved, with the price of two tickets to part; he took him, and sweet Cinderella was seen, and ever since that a good boy has he been. Now, parents, a moral from this you may learn, that children, like old folks, require a little recreation. It's very bad policy to keep the little ones at school all day, and then make them pore over their lessons all the evening. As neighbor Greeley would say—"All work and no *play*, makes Johnny a dull boy." Cinderella is "moraler" than the "Ticket-of-Leave Man," and is worthy of the support of all well-disposed parents. The Holmans have been playing this clever little fairy tale all the week, and will continue it on their bills until further notice. If you are a whole man, and hope for further peace of mind, take your family, honored sir, to see the Holman family, and thus atone for a portion of your many sins.

JOKE.—Nigger singers become so accustomed to joking on the stage to amuse their audiences, that some of them occasionally forget themselves, and falsify the record in private. A short time since, an Ethiopian comedian, who had just returned from a tour, was boasting of what he had seen, and among other things, said he had come across a church a mile and a half long. "How broad was it?" asked Frank Brower, who was one of the listeners. "About ten yards," replied the funny man. "This, gentlemen," responded Frank, "is not a round lie, but differs from his other yarns, which are generally as *broad* as they are long." If you want to hear some Nigger yarns, well told, drop in at Bryants' Minstrels some night, and hear Dan and his confreres. Its good fun to be there.

"LOTTA," the California pet, made her metropolitan *debut* on the 1st inst., at Niblo's Saloon. A small dramatic company was secured for the purpose of presenting comedicttas and farces previous to the appearance of the "star." "The Mysterious Chamber" was given for the initial performance, after which Lotta appeared in several songs and dances, accompanying herself on the banjo. She was most enthusiastically received and her songs and dances were *encored*. The farce of "Jenny Lind" was then given with Lotta as Jenny. On the following night the comedietta of "A Day after the Wedding" (called in the bills "A Day after Marriage") was performed, followed by Lotta in banjo solos, songs and dances, concluding with the farce of "Jenny Lind." On Friday evening the performance commenced with "A Day after the Wedding" (but this time called in the bills "A Wife's Lesson.") Lotta then appeared with a song, accompanying herself on the banjo. She was loudly *encored* and gave an Irish jig. She was on the bills for a Chinese dance, (but did not appear as Ye Celestial,) and the Yankee farce of "Our Jemimy," finished that evening's performance. On the opening night the attendance was quite small, but on the second evening there were a goodly number present, composed in the main of *claqueurs*, who had received a free ticket for the purpose of applauding the lady to the skies in everything she did. So apparent was this from the start, that the whole thing became a ridiculous farce, and tended more to damn the reputation of the lady than to do her good. When she first came on she was pelted with bouquets, and, to show how badly the thing was managed, the ushers were employed to throw them on. Sitting, as they did, pretty well down in front, they were seen by the whole audience. Everything was managed very badly, particularly the stage department, and we have our doubts as to any one acting as stage-manager, although Harry Jordan was on the bills for the arduous duties. With so few people to look after so small a place, and with a little one-act farce or comedietta, everything ought to have gone along smoothly, but it was everything else but smoothly done. Wrong scenes were run on, the stage was several times kept waiting, one or two of the actors had a little dialogue on their own account, and at times confusion was worse confounded, for the voices of several behind the scenes were heard in no very elegant language. Fenno, Mrs. Mark Smith and Mr. Jordan were very good in the first piece, but Mr. Fenno could not resist the temptation of continually pawing the well-waxed ends of his moustachios, which took up the most of his attention. In the farce of "Our Jemimy," there seemed to be much more trouble than before, for not only was the stage kept waiting several minutes, but wrong scenes were shoved on and then pulled back, and a kitchen-scene left for a chamber-scene, and, in a scene where Lotta is supposed to be having a good time to herself, the scene should quickly close, but nary a "flat" was pushed on, notwithstanding Lotta was heard all over the house crying "Change the scene," and she was obliged to walk off the stage. Such bungling management as this was enough to damn any star. The *claqueurs* were in full attendance on Friday night, and applauded and stamped most outrageously. The paying portion of the audience, we apprehend, was very small. When Niblo's Saloon was chosen for the *debut* of Miss Lotta, it was altogether a mistaken idea, for her style of performance is most certainly not intended for a first class audience, concert halls being her proper stamping ground; and if she had come out at one of our first class concert halls, she would have created a great sensation, and would have had all the managers of music halls in the country rushing to her for her services. She is possessed of great versatility, and plays the banjo equal to nine tenths of the so called first class banjoists at our music halls and in minstrel bands. She understands the instrument well, being "up" in all its little tricks. She is possessed of a very musical voice, and gives a song, accompanying herself on the banjo, with much spirit. She can dance a regular breakdown in true burnt-cork style, and gives an Irish jig as well as we have ever seen it done. She has a very pleasing countenance, looks charming on the stage, is posted in all the tricks of the business, and knows exactly how to put an audience in good humor. She would prove a valuable star to any music hall in the country.

VESTVALI looks right loveable in her tight-fitting trowsers and short fashionable coat which she wears in the new drama of "Bel Demonio," and we think the stage doorkeeper would do well to keep his eyes about him and see that the Brooklyn Academy scene is not re-enacted at Niblo's. We don't believe the parties who looked upon Vestvali as a bully boy at the Academy will undertake to play the same *role* over here, for they kinder got taken down; but there may be others fascinated by her grand face and splendid form. So keep out all intruders, good Mr. Backdoorkeeper. The new drama thrives, and will help to worry the summer through, but it is a question whether Mr. Brougham has gained or lost *caste* by his latest dramatic effort. Without Manager Wheatley's aid in the way of scenery, auxiliaries, *ballet* and supes, "Bel Demonio" would have had a rather weak reception. As presented at this model theatre, it takes remarkably well. It is now in its fourth week.

WINTER GARDEN is still open, and running the Florences as the stars. They have produced nothing new here.

WHO HAS NOT READ and re-read "Arabian Nights?" Who has not been held spell-bound by its "mystic lore" and "tales of fairy enchantment?" Verily, this great and thrillingly interesting book is one of the most fascinating that was ever published. Old and young have devoured its contents with as much pleasure and relish as a Bowery boy devours his coffee and cakes and pork and beans. And one of the best of its many tales is that of "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." This exquisite creation is to be produced by Mrs. John Wood, at her Olympic Theatre, this evening, June 6th, with all the scenic and other effects necessary to give it full play. Mrs. W. will enact the *role* of Aladdin, while the other characters will be distributed among the company. It is to be produced in the most showy style, and will no doubt prove a very attractive summer entertainment.

OFF FOR EUROPE.—It is rumored that Signor Brignoli, after a brief concert tour in Canada and the watering places, will take his departure for Europe, with the intention of making it his permanent residence.

GOTTSCHALK has returned to the city after an extended tour. He will probably ruralize somewhere during the summer, and prepare new compositions for the fall campaign. He is not going to Europe just yet.

"LADY GODIVA, or Peeping Tom of Coventry," is the title of a three-act drama just completed for Madame Macarte by Mr. John F. Poole. The Madame has had the play copyrighted, and will travel with it through the country, performing in it with her trained horse. Dressed in Godiva style, the new drama ought to create as great a sensation as Grant's march to Richmond.

THE DAVENPORT BOYS having made some money here by their bare-faced deceptions, the Davenport Girls thought they would try what *they* could do; so last week they showed up at the Cooper Institute, but the committee selected to watch the proceedings—Capt. Copeland, of the police, and Mr. Sickles, father of "the bold soger boy"—were too sharp for the girls, and "exposed" the "mejums" so cleverly, that even the *Herald* was unable any longer to bolster them up. Lacey, the agent, tried his best to keep his end up, but the audience saw through the whole bogus concern, and came near squelching Lacey, who, however, got off with a whole skin. The Davenport Sisters made a greater mess of their performances than the brothers, and will scarcely attempt a repetition in these parts.

THE FIRE MAN—Buono Core—will shortly enter the fiery furnace again, under more favorable auspices than those which attended his first public exhibition. We burn to see him.

THE DOG MAN, Blanchard, and his performing animals, were the dog stars at the New Bowery last week, being their first appearance since their return from California. They seem to think a heap more of York than of Frisco.....Mr. E. Eddy, tragedian and melo-dramatic actor, and one of the most popular stars on the east side of the city, commences an engagement at the New Bowery this evening, Monday, June 6th.....On the occasion of Mr. Miles' benefit, on the 3d, Mr. E. Lamb, and Masters Goodwin and Collins, cloggists of M. C. Campbell's Minstrels, were announced as volunteers.

MRS. FRANK LESLIE, of Bryants' Minstrels, has been engaged for the stage department with M. C. Campbell's Minstrels.

MRS. HOLMAN'S BROADWAY ACADEMY OF MUSIC, late Hope Chapel. This little musical bandbox is rapidly gaining a well-deserved standard of popularity. It is prettily fitted up, the drop curtain, by Wallack, being a *petite* gem. Miss Sallie Holman is gifted with a vocal organ of much power and sweetness, and uses it with skill, and her "Birth of Beauty" is well rendered. The little Julia is frequently *encored* each night in her comic songs, and, in short, the entertainment is varied, highly pleasing, and the bandbox cannot fail to become a favorite family resort.

MR. A. L. PARKES, late of the Holman Opera Troupe, now giving their pleasing performances in this city, has withdrawn from the firm, and is now prepared to negotiate with stars or managers to conduct any first class concern. See his card in another column.

"CAPTAIN BLAND," called in the bills "an original drama, in three acts, of novel construction and peculiar effects, by G. H. Lewes," was produced at Wallack's Theatre on the 6th inst. The story is as follows: Margaret Leigh (Miss Henriques), has been compelled to marry Capt. Craft, who afterwards turns out to be a villain. This was previous to the opening of the piece. Supposing him to have been lost at sea, she receives the attentions of the Earl of Chillingham (Mr. Daly), but the sudden appearance of Craft, disguised and under the assumed name of Captain Bland, puts a different phase on things in general. He makes himself known, but by keeping his purse well filled, promises to keep silent and let things go along smoothly. Mrs. Bluster (Mary Gannon), is one of those good natured, free and easy women of the world who has also been married, but who now passes as a widow, she supposing her husband dead—lost at sea. Captain Bland seeks an interview with the Earl at his house, and in a very rude manner introduces himself, and pretends to be in possession of certain documents signed by the Earl and others, conspiring against the King. He is duly installed in the King's house and makes himself perfectly at home. At a party given at the Earl's house, Mrs. Bluster, who is engaged to be married to Peter Perkins (Mr. Young), a lawyer, attends the party, and while there meets Captain Bland face to face, and in him recognises her former husband. There is also a servant in the house called Surly Joe (Mr. Norton), who also recognises in Captain Bland, Captain Craft, who he had assisted in escaping from prison. Joe makes a demand on the Captain for the "needful," but he laughs at him, and Joe threatens. Joe turns state's evidence, saves his own neck, but causes the arrest of the Captain. A file of soldiers appear, and just as the Captain is about making his escape through a window, a ball from one of the soldiers fetches him, and he dies, a very dramatic death. Previous to dying, he confesses his former guilt, and as he had already married Mrs. Bluster, his marriage with Margaret Leigh was considered illegal, and Margaret became the bride of the Earl. The plot is destitute of any originality. The characters are crowded into scenes very usual in the modern drama, and they do nothing that can be claimed to be surprising or novel. The language vibrates between fervent, elegant and commonplace diction. The dialogues, where the characters descend to prose, is intended to be smart. In some instances the design of the author succeeds, but in others he gives us common every day talk for chaste and appropriate language. The piece is very uneven from this cause, and were it not that it has been most excellently acted, it would scarcely succeed in keeping the stage for more than one or two nights. The acting of Lester Wallack and Miss Mary Gannon, the only two characters in the piece, was excellent. Miss Gannon had a part just suited to her, and she made it the feature of the evening.

THE principal members of Lee's combination troupe lately performing in New Orleans, under the management of Frank Rivers, arrived in this city on the 4th inst.

PROFESSOR SIMMONS, the necromancer, is now in this city. He purposes rusticating for two or three weeks, preparatory to starting on a professional tour through the Eastern States.

THOMAS MOORE TYRRELL, tragedian and light comedian, seeks an engagement by advertising in this week's CLIPPER. He has an excellent wardrobe, and is "well up in the parts" that he undertakes to perform.

MANAGERS can make advances for the services of Miss Kate Vance through the agency of Messrs. Conner & Co., of No. 25 West Houston street, New York.

AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE a decided improvement in the attendance was to be noticed during the past week. In "Our American Cousin at Home" Chanfrau continued to give admirable caricatures of "His Lud," and "Brother Sam," and made himself up so as to be perfectly unrecognizable. His bye-play was capital. It was destitute of stiffness, angularity, and awkwardness, and yet was ludicrous to an extraordinary degree. Mr. Chanfrau is possessed of a fund of rare humor to guide him in his delineations. He makes up for the diverse characters which he undertakes with true taste, and he acts correctly, and in due accordance with the parts in which he appears. He has some striking peculiarities of figure, voice, and countenance, all of which tend to excite and keep alive the merriment of the audience. Miss Marie Boniface made her first appearance in this city since she was at the Melodeon. Her actions are very stilted, and she seems anything but easy on the stage. She sang two songs, which were not exactly the style for a Broadway audience. Mr. Herndon, as Asa Trenchard, was very good—in fact he made about as good a Yankee as we have seen for some time. Seymour's Uncle Pete was clever, and he sang "Happy Land of Canaan" with much zest. Mr. Martin's Binney was very weak. The piece is well put on the stage, some of the scenery being very good.

DIED, at the residence of his daughter, on the morning of the 5th inst., John Herbert, a comedian of no ordinary merit, whose performances in this city for the past forty years have afforded so much pleasure to the amusement loving public. Mr. Herbert was in his 62d year at the time of his death. His last engagement was at the Old Bowery Theatre, between which house and the Old Chatham Theatre he had appeared off and on during the last forty years. In eccentric old men and comedy business he was a very fair actor, while in private life he was held in the very highest esteem; among his professional friends none were more popular than Old John Herbert. His disease was enlargement of the heart, and although he had been sick some five weeks, his death came very unexpectedly. It is only five months ago since his wife died, so that the affliction falls very heavily on his children. The funeral will take place June 7, from his daughter's residence, 84 Eldridge street.

MR. CHARLES BURKE, an actor lately connnected with the Academy of Music, Albany, died in this city last week.

Dramatic.

THIS IS FAIR WEEK in Philadelphia, the exhibition opening on the 7th inst. The interest attached to this fair will probably detract from that usually manifested in regard to other places of amusement, and the theatres may reasonably look for a falling off in the number of their patrons, although additional efforts will be made by managers to insure a large attendance of the many visitors to the city.....Mr. Grover, of the New Chestnut street Theatre, who has been running a new drama of "peculiar construction" called "The Pirates of the Savannah," will bring out this week the spectacle of "The Seven Sisters," with all its beautiful scenery, brilliant effects, etc., which gave the piece such an extended run at Laura Keene's, in New York, a few years ago. The drama will be produced under the direction of Mr. J. E. McDonough, who appears to have a life-hold lease of "The Seven Sisters." He has been traveling the country with the beautiful damsels, showing them off east, west, north, and as far south as Norfolk, Va.; he would have gone "on to Richmond" to show the first families of that much-coveted and much-beleagured city his speciality, but the gates being shut against outside barbarians, and Grant's new route not being entirely completed or in navigable condition, Mac concluded to visit the Philadelphia Fair, and exhibit his fair "Sisters" to the fair people of that city. The piece will be produced in gorgeous style—thirty young ladies, in costume, will do the Zouave march and drill, and drill and march themselves into an imaginary Vicksburg, which they are supposed to storm and capture. They will die shouting the "Battle Cry of Freedom" with all their imperfections on their heads, and so forth. If anything is calculated to fetch our country cousins, this spectacular drama is that thing. Manager Grover has not managed this theatre with much tact during the time he has occupied and held it, and it is not the State House to a pound of Philadelphia butter that he will come out without loss.....The Arch Street is still playing Frank Drew as the star, and has also produced the new drama called "The Pirates of the Savannah;" this, in connection with the "Comedy of Errors," in which Stuart Robson and Frank Drew do the two Dromios in the most laughable style, has helped to fill up a very fair programme. The business at this house has been good for this time of year, and the star has no cause to complain of the financial results of his performances.....Lucille Western, who has been playing a very successful engagement at the Walnut, finished there on the 4th inst., her last appearance being for the benefit of Mr. Whalley on that evening. In addition to "East Lynne," Miss Western has shown as "Leah," and according to report has made a very favorable impression in that character. Benefits have filled up some of the off-nights during the star's campaign.....The Continental Theatre is closed, and advertised to be let by the night or week. It is a large establishment, with plenty of stage room as well as auditorium, but has never been successful as a theatrical establishment. The proprietor of the Casino, we believe, has secured it for next year, for a music hall, but until his lease commences, the Continental will be let out "promiscuously," as old Bill Tovee says.....The Olympic Theatre, a little place up town, formerly used for music hall purposes, is now being run as a dramatic establishment, under the management of Weaver & Gardner. The prices of admission are within easy reaching distance, being but 25 cents to the parquet, and 10 cents to the gallery. Its *useful* cheap, as things go now, but it seems to us that the cheaper a thing is in these queer times, the less people touch it. We fear the Olympic will not place its managers in affluent or even comfortable circumstances.....There will probably be a number of traveling shows in that city this week, drawn thither by the influence of the Sanitary Fair. Their success will depend upon the character of the great exhibition; if it should prove to be attractive as anticipated, outside amusements will suffer.....Frank Drew had a benefit at the Arch on the 3d inst., for which he prepared one of the funniest bills of the season, Frank appearing in four pieces. The programme comprised "Mons. Jacques," "A Most Unwarrantable Intrusion," "The Siamese Twins," and "The Dutchman's Ghost." It drew a screaming house, and the *bonefaciaire* made sufficient to relieve him from the fate of a conscript should he be gobbled up in the next draft.....Frank Mordaunt, of the New Chestnut, had a benefit the same evening.

THE YOUTHFUL TRAGEDIENNE, Miss Fanny B. Price, commenced the second week of her engagement at the Terre Haute Theatre, Ind., on the 30th of May, in the character of Fanchon. From the *Express* we clip the following: "The theatre was thronged with the *elite* of the city to witness Miss Fanny B. Price's impersonation of the character of Fanchon, in which she has achieved a wide-spread reputation. Curiosity was on tip-toe to see how one who had, during the past week, grasped and mastered with such power and dazzling brilliancy the most tumultuous passions in the higher walks of tragedy, could adapt herself to the requirements of such a character as Fanchon. The transition, however, was complete and perfect—we found her the intellectual, pure-hearted, *child-like* and lovely cricket. From the moment she made her entrance till the close of the performance, she enchained and subdued every heart present with the bright lustre of her remarkable genius. Her beautiful and mobile features assumed every phase of passion from cloud to sunshine, from storm to stillness. In her scene with the rabble at St. Andoche's Festival, she rose to the sublime. The great charm in her acting, however, is the tender and holy simplicity with which she envelopes the character. Every man, woman and child in the city should see Miss Price as Fanchon."

THEATRICALS IN BROOKLYN are decidedly improving, a better attendance, both as regards the character and numbers of the audiences being the result of the efficient management of the Park Theatre the past week. We saw more old patrons of the legitimate drama present at the Park Theatre on the 2d and 3d inst., than we have ever seen before. On Wednesday, "Macbeth" was well performed, being followed on Thursday by "Romeo and Juliet," and on Friday by "Peg Woffington," all three dramas having been exceedingly well placed upon the stage, and very creditably performed. Mrs. Conway's Lady Macbeth and Conway's Macbeth were both effective personations, and they were ably assisted by the majority of their company. In "Romeo and Juliet," Conway's Mercutio was the feature, as was his James Triplet in "Masks and Faces," although Mrs. Conway as Peg Woffington, and Miss King as Mrs. Vane, divided the honors with him. On Saturday "Peg" was performed, and this week "Faustus" is to be brought out in style. This latter is the drama Mr. Conway first appeared in at the Old Broadway Theatre, and it created quite a sensation at the time.

THE JANE ENGLISH RAVEL TROUPE have lately played brilliant engagements at Milwaukee, Grand Rapids, Detroit, and the Royal Lyceum, Toronto. Mrs. English commences at Nashville on the 15th inst., for three weeks, thence to Louisville and Cincinnati under the administration of Messrs. Duffield & Flynn.

MISS ALICE KINGSBURY'S performances as Barefoot, Capitola, Fanchon, Child of the Savanna, etc., during her recent engagement at Ellsler's Athenæum, Columbus, O., were listened to with the utmost gratification by large audiences. It is to be hoped that the same success will attend her at Rochester, where she commences her fall engagement on August 29th. Managers of other first-class theatres wishing to secure the lady's services, should address Albert A. Wyatt, as instructed in an advertisement in another column. Miss Kingsbury met with an accident at the Athenæum while doing her terrific leap in the Savanna, but latest advices from Cincinnati, where she is taking a respite, state that she is now convalescent.

FOR THE NEW THEATRE, Cairo, Ill., which is now in process of erection, ladies and gentlemen of talent are advertised for by Manager Gilbert. As he proposes to open on the 10th of July, parties interested should be prompt in their responses to Mr. Gilbert's card in our advertising columns.

LEO HUDSON and her trained horse Sensation commence a two week's engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on the 13th inst.

THE MARTINETTI AND MARZETTI TROUPE are at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, this week.

IN CONSEQUENCE of the injuries received by Zoe, she was unable to fill the week out at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, and Leo Hudson was engaged for two nights only, commencing on the 3d inst. with her horse Sensation, in the "French Spy" and "Mazeppa." Owing to the occupation of the house during this week by the Convention, the dramatic performances closed on the 4th inst.

MR. NICHOLS, proprietor of the Green Street Theatre, Albany, talks of improvement on said building. He proposes to convert the lower part into stores, and the upper part into a mammoth hall.

ZOE fell through a trap at the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, on the 31st ult., and consequently was unable to appear at the Testimonial Benefit offered her by the citizens on the 3d inst. She received a severe contusion below the knee, which confined her to her bed for several days.

CORTESI, once so popular here, has left the stage, and is residing at Caraccas, at which place her husband is Italian consul.

RICHARD CRANSHAW, a clever actor and vocalist, committed suicide in San Francisco, on Sunday, May 1st, by taking laudanum. It is only a few weeks since that we chronicled the demise of W. H. Hamilton, also of the theatrical profession, who adopted the same means of solving the great problem of the "hereafter."

ANNIE WAITE and W. H. LEAK were announced to make their *debut* on the 6th inst., at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati.

AT THE PITTSBURGH THEATRE, "Cudjo's Cave" was the attraction last week. Our correspondent, "Cosmopolite," writing under date of the 3d inst., says:—"'Cudjo's Cave' is well acted by the various members of the company. The best character in the drama—Carl, the Dutch boy—is played by Lillie Marden, and I am glad to say, capitally done. Her singing is made a feature. 'The Bold Privateer,' and 'Marching On' with Grant and Butler, taking immensely. Charlie Wilkinson as Dan Pepperell has but little to do, but manages to 'gag' in a laugh occasionally. Ward, as Toby, was very good indeed. Mr. Loveday was, as usual, all that could be desired as Pomp, while Mr. Howland as Cudjo, and Kate Rynar as Virginia, completed a very pretty picture of 'Life in Tennessee.'.....The Sanitary Fair was opened on Wednesday, 1st, and is now in full operation. Its success is certain. The cash contributions alone already reach $127,000.

AT THE ST. CHARLES, New Orleans, the Martinetti and Marzetti Troupe closed a most brilliant engagement May 15th. Miss Emma Maddern followed on the 16th, in "Fanchon." On the 21st Lizzie Maddern took a benefit, on which occasion Mrs. Ben De Bar volunteered and appeared in the "French Spy." The "Seven Sisters" was brought out on the 23d

nderson, H. Brown, Prof. Swibell, and full orchestra.
lisses Clinetop, Julia Edwards, and Mrs. Oldfield.

MISS SUSIE SUMMERFIELD joins the company at the Philadelphia asino this week. Among others engaged there are Fattie Stewart, elehanty and Ward, Billy Holmes, George Warren, Emma Marsh, annie Ferraro, and Ada Tesman.

THAT ACCOMPLISHED SPANISH DANSEUSE, Md'lle Marietta Ravel, s Paquita, in the floral ballet arranged by Mons. Baptistin, enti- ed La Bouquetiere, has been the recipient of the most lavish cclamations of applause by the audiences at the Canterbury usic Hall, Washington, D. C. Her tight-rope dancing is also ad- dged to be among the most intrepid and, at the same time, the ost thrilling to witness that has ever been seen there. The dy's business agent is Martin W. Hanley, to whom communica- ions on that subject should be addressed.

THE CLEVELAND ATHENÆUM, under the management of A. ontpelier, continues open, and is doing, we learn, a good business. he principal attractions there at present are Fanny Hillington, . B. and Kittie Shimer, Gus. Peters, Hank Goodman, Eliza reberthyser, Walter Wentworth, and Sig. Helvey, the sword wallower. This week Ida Duval, Nick Grist, and Johnny Stout ere announced to commence an engagement.

THE GAYETY, Albany, closed on the 4th inst. for two months. r. Fitzpatrick will entirely rejuvenate the place, and reopen ith a dramatic company, in addition to the usual variety enter- ainment.

AT THE METROPOLITAN VARIETIES, Detroit, Mr. W. J. Thomp- on and his performing dogs, Carlo and Hector, have been the at- raction the past week. Several new faces were added to the com- any last week, among whom were Kate Partington, Fanny Thompson, James Campbell, and E. J. Melville.

AT THE CANTERBURY HALL, Washington, D. C., which you can eadily find every night by the aid of the brilliant calcium light, which sheds its effulgent rays over surrounding space, is really a ay and festive place to spend a pleasant evening, because there ou will invariably find that a full and very varied programme is eing fulfilled by a very versatile and talented company. Who ould not give a "fip" to see the "Devil among the Darkies;" and nother to see Mulligan as Toby Turtle; "go double or quits" to ee Marietta Ravel exhibit her strategy on the tight rope; or dou- le that again to see all those fairy-like coryphees, known as the onzani ballet troupe, execute their pirouettes in the mazy dance; r plank a quarter to hear the Misses Carrie Gardner and Estelle Forrest warble their ravishing melodies; or come down with a alf to listen to Billy Cavanagh talk nigger; or bid a dollar for the rivilege of going one eye on Naomi Porter, the champion female ig dancer, as she trips it so nimbly on the light fantastic toe; or, n fact, shell out all their specie to see all this and more too of such delightfully amusing cuttings up? Is there a soul so base who would not do all this? If there is, let him go fret till his miserly heart breaks, for we'll have none of him. We would not begrudge *all our spec e* by no means. But after all there is no need of spend- ng a fortune for to see said show, for whether you be a male or female, you can see it all each evening and on Saturday afternoons for as little as 25 cents.

FRANK RIVERS closed his engagement at the Academy, New Or- leans, May 20th, on which occasion he took his benefit, which was largely attended. A summer season was inaugurated May 21st, with Willis Armstrong as stage manager. Miss Agnes Sutherland, Dora Dawron, Josephine Zanfretta, M'lle Carolista, the Female Blondin, Ida Devere, Alex. Zanfretta, Emmerson, Leavitt and others are in the company, and the house continues to do as much business as when Frank Rivers had it. So writes our correspon- dent "Laertes."

TO BE GAY is a very wise plan, and to shun melancholy is ditto repeated. Therefore, if you wish to spend a gay hour or two, give "Zeke" a call at the Gaieties, No. 616 Broadway, in this goodly city of Gotham.

JULIA MORGAN made her debut in San Francisco, May 9th, at Bert's New Idea, appearing in a jig and fancy dance.

HARMONIA HALL, CAIRO, ILL., is doing a good "biz" with a fair company, to which E. D. Gooding, and M'lle Theodora, two old Cairo favorites, have been recently added.

Circuses.

DAN RICE'S SHOW was announced to open in Philadelphia on the 6th of June, on the lot adjoining the Academy of Music, on Broad street. The management has grandiloquently advertised that "three separate exhibitions are concentrated in one," included in which is "Dr. Spalding's Ocean Equestrian Company, just re- turned from a two years' cruise to the seaports and capitals of South America and the Antilles," etc. Now, all this may look very well on paper, but it is a "delusion and a snare," for the Ocean Circus referred to will open in Albany this week, under the management of Mr. C. J. Rogers, who has been with the concern during its two years' cruise, and who is a partner with Dr. Spalding in the business. We believe that *two* of the people who were with the concern in South America are now traveling with Rice, those two being Miss Kate Ormond and Mr. Ferdinand Tourniaire, but the balance of the company are, as we have stated, with Spalding & Rogers' Ocean Circus performing at present in this State. As Mr. Rice gives us to understand in his pictorial newspaper circular that he is making reforms in the circus busi- ness, discarding tights, and all that sort of thing, it is to be hoped that he will carry his proposed reforms still farther, and announce nothing on his programmes but what he knows to be strictly correct, and no performance that he cannot fulfil. The public have some rights in these matters, and they should be respected. There is entirely too much of this sort of imposition practiced upon the credulity of the people who patronize traveling shows. In the strength of the names of two persons who traveled with Spalding & Rogers' Ocean Circus, we cannot see that Mr. Rice is justified in advertising, as one of his exhibitions, "Dr. Spalding's Ocean Equestrian Company," when we well know that the Ocean Circus Company are traveling by themselves. To be sure, Dr. Spalding is interested in the Dan Rice Show, but that don't make the matter any better; in fact, if he is cognizant of the use being made of the name of the Ocean concern by Mr. Rice, it would imply that he is a party to the deceit; it may be, however, that the bills and advertisements have been made out without the authority of Dr. Spalding.

YANKEE ROBINSON'S CIRCUS was in Janesville, Wis., on the inst.

THE WHEELER, HATCH & HITCHCOCK SHOW exhibits at Thomas- on, Me., on the 8th; Rockland, 9th; Belfast, 10th; Winterport, 11th; and Bangor, 12th.

JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS was at Fort Wayne, Ind., June 1st, nd expects to pitch tent at La Fayette on the 10th inst.

SPALDING AND ROGERS' OCEAN CIRCUS, with C. Amory Bruce ead as agent, will show in the following places: Schenectady ne 13th, Fonda 14th, Fort Plain 15th, St. Johnsville 16th, Little lls 17th, and Utica 18th.

THE SETH HOWES London Circus and Menagerie will exhibit in hicago about the 15th inst. A correspondent, writing to us, says: ete and John Conklin were sent on from St. Louis to Detroit in this concern, but the English performers with the show re- ed to appear if Pete and John were allowed to perform, and the sequence was, old England beat. Our correspondent also says, am Long (clown) worries the life out of the English clown, telling him he would make a capital canvas-man. Several of the ladies con- cted with the show have gone into an easier life. The company kes a very good procession (the best part of the show), the per- mers, both male and female, being on horseback, and occasion- the "ladies," as well as the gentlemen, white in the process, jump off and make a bold strike for a saloon, and in full ume take a drink. As Frank Brower says, in his dance of py Uncle Tom, "That's nice."

AN RICE'S CIRCUS exhibits in Washington all next week, open- on the 13th.

ERT SEXTON and TOM BRIGGS have joined Slaymaker & Nichols' us. Briggs does his Essence, and Mert Sexton does a little ning with a black face.

SIDE SHOW now running with a popular circus is advertised his issue for sale. The proprietor is on the sick list and not to attend to business, which is his excuse for selling. This good chance for a showman.

OBINSON AND HOWES' CIRCUS shows in Cincinnati on the 20th

LA ZOYARA AND SALLIE STICKNEY arrived in San Francisco 7th and joined the John Wilson circus. The pavilion was up on Jackson street, adjoining the International Hotel. The al performance was to have taken place May 13th.

ONE, ROSSTON & Co's CIRCUS performed at Elmira, N. Y., on th inst.

AN AMBURGH & Co's MENAGERIE exhibits at Springfield the Holyoke 7th, Northampton 8th, Greenfield 9th, and Brattle- the 10th of June. The business is said to be good. As this only legitimate menagerie that has been through New Eng- for years, the people turn out *en masse*, old and young, ever it goes.

N RICE'S SHOW opens in Baltimore on the 20th inst., for one

SEBASTIAN and Orrin Family were performing with a circus any at Santiago, Chili, South America, May 1st.

Miscellaneous.

H. HARRIS, late with Prof. W. J. McAllister, and P. Dithmar taken in hand Prof. W. B. Vandemar, Thaumaturgist, and their first entertainment at Lawrenceburg, Ind., on the 6th for two weeks.

IAN E. DODGE and William Hayward were still prospecting mountain towns of California. They were in Nevada May 7th, Grass Valley 4th and 6th, Dutch Flat 5th, and Yow 8th.

EMMA HARDINGE was delivering Inspirational Lectures in rnia, at fifty cents a ticket, and doing well. She was at Ne- May 5th, and lectured to a full house.

ENGLISH, the manageress of the Western Museum, Cincin- as secured an establishment in Indianapolis, which it is e will conduct upon an extensive scale.

TER & FUNSTON'S STEREOSCOPTICAN was to open at the Metro- Theatre, Sacramento, Cal., on Monday, May 9th, for three ly. Capt. T. G. Funston, who was wounded at the battle ysburg, describes the views.

ALLEGHANIANS AND SWISS BELL RINGERS, as will be seen by elsewhere, closed a very successful season by a performance 26th ult., at Detroit. The assistant agent of the troupe, F. Betts, has conducted his business so satisfactorily, that made the recipient of a handsome present, which, no he will long cherish as a pleasing memento of his connec- th the troupe.

TUE'S WAR SHOW exhibits in New Haven, Conn., this week, g there on the 7th inst.

AN JONES and Edward Hodman were concertizing at Janes- Wis., on the 2d inst., and were to go from there to Kalama- *route* for the Eastern cities.

. MCALLISTER, with R. F. Ullman as agent, was at Xenia, une 1st; Springfield, 2d and 3d; Urbana, 4th; and his head was as follows:—Bellefontaine 6th, Sydney 7th, Piqua 9th, Anderson, Ind., 10th, Logansport 11th, and then to polis on the 13th for four nights. Business is reported as od.

IGHTING PARSON, Rev. Col. G. Moody, lectured in Phila- on the 31st of May, on the subject of our country. The was handled with masterly strategy, and the lecturer was g but moody in his delivery. The Fighting Parson "fote" at Nashville, Cedars, and Stone River.

HERNANDEZ RAVEL TROUPE performs in Springfield, Mass., th, 9th, and 10th, inst., Worcester 11th, and remains three nce to Providence on the 16th, for four days.

THIAN HALL, Rochester, N. Y., is a very commodious ert, and is well adapted for concerts, lectures and ions. It is to rent for that purpose. See W. A. Reynold's in another column.

UR MORRIS, the "Boy Orator," was at Ellsler's Athenæum, nd, last week.

TE'S WAR SHOW opens in Waterbury, Conn., June 7th, for , then proceeds to New Haven, Conn., opening June 13th, g during the week. The combined efforts of Whiston, rist, and Charles B. Griste, the hard-working agent, re- od houses; for their Griste has been through the mill nce, and always brings toll to his employer.

ARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE danced, fiddled, sung, and Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., June 3d and 4th, to re- e houses.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

CE OF WALES THEATRE, SYDNEY, N. S. W., was re- opened under the management of the Lyster English Opera Troupe, on the 4th of March, with Gounod's Opera of "Faust." Mr. Geo. Loder is conductor of the troupe in place of Mr. Reiff. Lucy Escott, it is said, sang excellently. Squires appeared as Faust. Miss Georgia Hodson's fine voice was heard to much advantage. Mrs. Ada King is in the troupe.

THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS continued at Sydney, N. S. W. up to the 7th of March. On the 4th of March, Wash Norton took his benefit. Towards the conclusion of the second part of the pro- gramme, when the *ben feiaire* came forward to afford a display of his extraordinary abilities in the dancing of the American prize jig, Dr. Bowman came forward, and addressing Mr. Norton, said he had been requested by a number of the friends and admirers of that gentleman to present to him the following address, together with a belt, in high appreciation of the respect in which he was held by them, and in which he, (Dr. Bowman,) desired most heartily to join, having met the minstrels in several parts of the world, and enjoyed their excellent good fellowship. The address ran thus:—"Presented to Mr. Washington Norton, of the Christy's Minstrels, by his friends and admirers in Sydney, New South Wales, as a mark of their appreciation of his abilities as the best prize jig and burlesque dancer that has ever visited Australia, March 4th, 1864," to which was appended the names of the sub- scribers, numbering thirty-four. Mr. Norton expressed his grati- tude amidst enthusiastic applause. The belt is of Australian man- ufacture, and made of silver, being lined with morocco. In the inside of it is a plate, on which is engraved the words forming the heading of the before-mentioned address. On the outside is a representation of the Australian arms, the kangaroo and emu. At either end are embossed the English and American flags. In the centre of the belt is a cairngorm, surrounding which in a cir- cle is inscribed, "Presented to Washington Norton, of the Christy Minstrels, by his friends in Sydney, N. S. W., March 4, 1864." Two amethysts are tastefully arranged at the ends of the belt, which is so formed of scales as to be perfectly pliable, and thus easy for wear.

TOM TAYLOR'S long promised play of "Morality," was produced at the Olympic, London, May 17th. The novelty of the night was preceded by the drama of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," presented for the 302d time.

"LEAH," with Miss Bateman as the Jewish heroine, was given at the Adelphi, London, for the 193d time, May 20th, being the last week but three of that lady's engagement.

JAMES MYERS, the well known American clown, opened Bur- ton's Alhambra Circus, Manchester, May 15th, with an equestrian and gymnastic troupe. The members of the company are Miss Rose Myers, Miss Stoodley, Mr. E. Carroll, Mr. R. Dockerill, Mr. M. A. Myers, the American Samson (a colored man), Herr Savage, Harry Hemmings, clown, &c.

MR. W. B. SEAL, the clown, died at Newcastle, Eng., May 13th. Mr. Seal had been in a declining state of health for some time past, and died at the age of fifty-six years, having been born in the county of Durham on the 25th of March, 1808. Instead of the tight-fitting cap and jingling bells, he wore a conical comical cap with a broad turned-up rim, and it was one of his peculiarly happy feats to toss this up in the air, run below it, and catch it on his head. He used also to spin it round and round in the ring, kick it up with his foot, and again receive it exactly on its proper place. With a single straw balanced on his nose, Seal could elicit more genuine laughter than could any modern jester by the most sparkling witticism, the raciest or the most wretched pun, or the cleverest remark made without premeditation. Seal's palmiest days must have been about sixteen or eighteen years ago, when, with Tompkinson, as brother clown, he travelled with James Cooke's Circus. After leaving Cooke's establishment he went to fulfil an engagement in Spain, and on going back to England, started in Shields as a licensed victualler; but, not succeed- ing well, he again returned to his old line of business. His last engagement was with the Messrs. Pinder, with whom, and in fact with the whole of the profession, he was a great favorite, as is shown by the innumerable gold and silver snuff-boxes, goblets, and other presents he received in the course of his long profes- sional career.

EFFECTS OF VERDI'S MUSIC.—The London correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* writes under date of April: "In theatrical matters I may report the appearance of Herr Theodore Wachtel, *the* tenor of Vienna, who made his appearance here in 'Il Trova- tore.' He has a fine voice; he is very handsome, young, vigor- ous, and self-possessed, and his voice is able to give the famous *ut de poitrine*—the 'high-chest C,' which made M. Tamberlik fa- mous—so you may conceive that he is quite successful. He is a noisy, very German, and not a very artistic singer; but then he is young and is improving, though little hope may be built on these prognostics, for Verdi's sonorous music ruins the voices of sing- ers before they have time to be past youth or to improve. You cannot imagine how many ghosts of singers haunt the lyric thea- tres here—ghosts of artists whom Verdi murdered. Some of them, indeed I may say all of them past forty, are excellent actors, but, as one does not go to the opera to see fine acting, the spectacle is as sad as a wedding without the bride. The iced cake and snowy *blanc mange* do not tempt us; we turn away from them to ask, where is *she?* The M'lle Destinn, a new and very young contralto of whom we have heard so much, appeared in the same piece, and at once sank to the humble part of a 'useful' young lady.

IN OUR issue of last week appeared an obituary notice of Mr. William Searle, of the London theatres. Touching this gentleman, we have since received the following interesting details from a correspondent in the "big town:" "The circumstances of his (Mr. Searles') life entitled him in a double sense to more than a passing notice in the CLIPPER, associated, as he had been, with the turf and stage—his characters having been those of jockey and actor. The son of the famous rider of the same name, Mr. Searle had, in the earlier part of his life, donned the round cap, leathers, and silk jacket, at Epsom, and given a satisfactory record of himself. When about twenty years old, he became a member of the Adelphi Theatre, London, then under the management of that monarch of traps and stage effects in general, Frederick Yates, as an "utility" man. It did not take much time, however, for Mr. Searle to develop himself, by proving that much could be made out of little. He had, indeed, an extraordinary capacity in this relation, and often called forth loud applause and laughter by the utterance of a few words, a queer grimace, or an uncom- mon attitude. Among his most successful assumptions was that of the drunken clergyman, in "The Pickwickians"—the name we forget, but it should have been Staggers, from the movements of poor Searles. All that the author had entrusted to the gentleman playing this part were a few lines, the imitation of drunkenness, and the walking from one side of the stage to another. But some idea of the extent to which Mr. Searle improved on the original may be inferred when it is recorded that he was invari- bly encored in the scene, and more than once would have come in for the "third round" but for the interposition of the manager. He was close upon the same success, as one of the police officers in the travestied "Othello," where, in response to Brabantia's in- dignant burst in relation to the Moor:

"He ruin'd my daughter, rascal;
He shall rue it,"

Searle rejoined:—

"We can't take him, 'cos
We didn't see him do it."

The triumphs (to use a technicality) of Mr. Searle were numerous. As a tall captain of banditti, a "sailor monster," the master of an enchanted castle, gnomes and demons of all colors, and other broad conceits, he was for many years without an equal on the London boards. He was also noted for his pugilistic attainments, being considered one of the "best men" outside the ring. Of a tall and gaunt figure, with far-stretching legs, and long, sweeping arms, his appearance in stage costume was the very thing to give additional effect to the extraordinary characters he was cast for.

DION BOUCICAULT and Benj. Webster, manager of the St. James Theatre, are at loggerheads about a comedy called "The Fox Chase." It appears that Dion sold the play as a new and original comedy to Mr. Webster, but it turned out subsequently that the new piece of "David Garrick," then about to be produced at the Haymarket, was the same as the new and original "Fox Chase," for which Mr. B. had already received half the amount to be paid for it if successful. Webster then let the public know the facts of the case, and Boucy responded. This brought out Webster again, who, in the course of his remarks, spoke of I O Us he held of Dion's, and intimated that he had been done by the dramatist, to which the latter responded in appropriate terms, suggesting that Webster might be indebted to him. We guess the public will find out all about their private affairs before the fight is ended, such public discussions generally tending that way.

BARRY SULLIVAN, the Irish Tragedian, now playing at Melbourne, Australia, had had a "fracas" with a person at the Theatre Royal, wherein he showed himself as capable of taking part in a nice little set-to as any other character. Here is an account of the little difficulty as recorded by the fighting oracle of Australia, *Bell's Life in Victoria*:—"A fracas of a rather peculiar nature recently occurred at the Theatre Royal. A person having the exterior of a gentleman, took possession of a seat in the dress circle of the Theatre, which had been engaged. He was requested by the box keeper to leave it, but refused, and a second application made by Mr. Barry Sullivan to the same effect, was similarly treated. The aid of a policeman was accordingly invoked by the manager, and the remonstrances of the officer were more effectual, the intruder being at length convinced of the necessity of acquiescing in the very reasonable concession required from him. Accordingly he left the box, and preceded by Mr. Sullivan, approached the lobby, but before either had reached it, the tragedian experienced a sen- sation proceeding direct from the caudal region, which his instinct immediately construed into the effect of a kick. 'You kicked me, sir,' remarked Mr. Sullivan to the person who had been the cause of the little scene in the dress circle. Whatever the answer was, it did not, apparently, satisfy the tragedian, who after repeating his observation in the lobby knocked the other down. There was an anti-climax to this grand effect, the kickor being apparently convinced, albeit against his will, that the kickee could take his own part as well as that of the many fictitious characters which he has from time to time impersonated, and what is more, makes a 'great hit.'"

THE PIANIST THALBERG recently left Great Britain for Naples. His provincial tours through England, Scotland and Ireland during the years 1862 and '63 are said to have brought him a clear profit of $250,000.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY
MONDAY EVENING, June 6, and every night,
FOURTH WEEK, AND CONTINUED SUCCESS
of the celebrated Lyric Artiste,
M'LLE. VESTVALI,
AS ANGELO.

with the very popular songs, "You are the Star" (words by S. R. Fiske Esq.), and "The Brave Marco," in John Brougham's Grand Spectacular Drama, in Five Tableaux, entitled

BEL DEMONIO,

which for the last Eighteen nights has crowded this
COOL AND MAGNIFICENT THEATRE
with enthusiastic audiences, whose lavish praise of the excellent acting, beautiful dancing, superb scenery, charming music, pic- turesque costumes, rich appointments, novel mechanism, start ling effects, grand tableau,
ALL PRODUCED AT A VAST OUTLAY,
records another of those Brilliant Triumphs so often awarded to this acknowledged
TEMPLE OF DRAMATIC SKILL.
Musical Conductor.....Harvey B. Dodworth
Seats secured six days in advance.

TO STARS AND MANAGERS.

The undersigned, so long and favorably identified with the suc- cess of the
HOLMAN TROUPE,
has this day withdrawn from Mrs. Holman's, 720 Broadway, and is prepared to negotiate with any first-class attraction. Is thor- oughly acquainted with the Cities and Press of the United States.
Address A. L. PARKES,
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A GOOD VIOLONCELLO PERFORMER, just dis-

engaged, wants to join a company to travel, or engage for concerts, &c. Apply to H. W. Walsh, 499 Broome st., or to James Conner & Co., theatrical agents, 25 West Houston st. 9-1t*

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WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.

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The Unquestionable Pre-Eminence of the Grand Constellation of

ARTISTIC
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NOW ENGAGED AT

THE GREAT CANTERBURY
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TOGETHER WITH ITS

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SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATIONS
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FOR VISITORS,

AND THE

DIVERSIFIED

and

PLEASING CHARACTER

OF THE

PERFORMANCES

Have combined to make it

THE PUBLIC'S
THE PUBLIC'S
THE PUBLIC'S

POPULAR RESORT,
POPULAR RESORT,
POPULAR RESORT,

And achieved for it the

PROUD DISTINCTION
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Of being the

LEADING MUSIC HALL OF WASHINGTON.
LEADING MUSIC HALL OF WASHINGTON.
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Our entertainments are of such a nature as to give

UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION,
UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION,
UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION,

And afford to

ALL CLASSES A

HAPPY RELAXATION
HAPPY RELAXATION
HAPPY RELAXATION

FROM THE ORDINARY

CARES OF ROUTINE LIFE!
CARES OF ROUTINE LIFE!
CARES OF ROUTINE LIFE!

The numerous attempts that have been made to

IMITATE THIS MODEL TEMPLE OF AMUSEMENT

Have all most signally failed, and the

GREAT CANTERBURY,

is now acknowledged

FAR AHEAD OF ALL WOULD-BE COMPETITORS!
FAR AHEAD OF ALL WOULD-BE COMPETITORS!
FAR AHEAD OF ALL WOULD-BE COMPETITORS!

We need no vain boast of Superiority to proclaim to the

PLAY GOING PUBLIC
PLAY GOING PUBLIC

That there is more

ORIGINALITY AND VERSATILITY
ORIGINALITY AND VERSATILITY

Combined in our

CONGRESS OF ARTISTS
CONGRESS OF ARTISTS

Than is to be found in any

SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT

IN THIS COUNTRY.

To which end we cordially

INVITE COMPARISON AND DEFY COMPETITION.
INVITE COMPARISON AND DEFY COMPETITION.

The great success of the CANTERBURY is owing in a great measure to the fact that the Manager is guided in his selection of attractions, not by the OUTLAY but by a determination to please an

INTELLIGENT AND GENEROUS PUBLIC.
INTELLIGENT AND GENEROUS PUBLIC.

Thus he engages none but

THE VERY BEST TALENT,
THE VERY BEST TALENT,

REGARDLESS OF EXPENDITURE.

The Programme each night abounds in the choicest collection of

SONGS, DANCES, BURLESQUES, BANJO SOLOS, NEGRO ECCENTRICITIES, &c., &c., &c.
DRAMAS, COMEDIES, FARCES, PANTOMIMES, BALLETS, &c., &c., &c.

Arranged with special care to

SUIT THE TASTES OF ALL,
SUIT THE TASTES OF ALL,

AND PLEASE

THE MOST FASTIDIOUS.
THE MOST FASTIDIOUS.

The list of Performers now engaged at the Canterbury, embraces the names of some of the

BRIGHTEST STARS IN THE PROFESSION,
BRIGHTEST STARS IN THE PROFESSION,

viz.:

MLLE MARIETTA RAVEL,
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The beautiful Spanish Danseuse and Tight Rope Performer.

MONS. BAPTISTIN,

With his new Ballet Troupe of Sixteen Beautiful Young Ladies.

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W. H. WILLIAMS.

MISS JENNIE ENGEL,

The Charming Vocalist.

MISS NAOMI PORTER, and MISS NELLY HOWARD,

The celebrated Female Jig Dancers.

THE FORREST SISTERS, JENNIE and ESTELLE.

MOLLIE FENTON, LUCY & EMMA GARDNER, VICTORIA ROSS,

KITTY LEE and FANNY MAY,

NELLIE WHITE, LUCY CLIFTON, EMMA SCHELL,

&c., &c., &c., &c.

Forming in all an array of talent,

EQUALLED BY FEW, AND EXCELLED BY NONE.

N. B.—FIRST CLASS TALENT ALWAYS WANTED.

Address GEORGE LEA, Canterbury,
Washington, D. C

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.

Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY EVENING, June 6, 1864.
First night of the engagement with the eminent American actor,
MR. E. EDDY,
who will have the honor of appearing in the character of Badger, in the great drama of
THE POOR OF NEW YORK,
By the Star Club,
which has been for a length of time in preparation, and will now be presented for the first time in this theatre,
WITH
NEW SCENERY, MACHINERY AND MOUNTINGS.
The popular actor,
MR. G. C. BONIFACE.
MRS. W. G. JONES, MISS KATE NEWTON,
Geo. Brookes, Miss Hathaway, Mr. Marden, Mr. G. Lingard, Mr. Glassford, Mr. Nourse,
and the entire Company in the above drama, and in the
BUCKLE OF BRILLIANTS,
Together with
A BALLOON ASCENSION.

FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.

Lessee, Director and Manager.....G. L. FOX

MONDAY AND TUESDAY, June 6 and 7,
the grand Eastern spectacle of
CHERRY AND FAIR STAR.
CHERRY AND FAIR STAR.
NEW SCENERY,
NEW DRESSES,
MACHINERY AND PROPERTIES
OF THE MOST NOVEL DESCRIPTION.
MISS FANNY HERRING, as.....Cherry
MISS R. DENVIL, as.....Fair Star
MR. G. L. FOX, as.....Topaz
Cast with the strength of the Company.
The new drama of
THE NOTE FORGER.
MR. J. B. STUDLEY, as..... John Brasstown
Supported by other popular artists.
Farce of
COUSIN LAMBKIN.
Mr. and Mrs. H. Chapman and Farce Company.

OLYMPIC, 622 and 624 Broadway.

Lessee and Directress.....MRS. JOHN WOOD.
Stage Manager.....J. H. SELWYN.
After elaborate preparation and careful attention to all details—Musical, Artistical and Spectacular—that can render the represen- tation entirely complete and perfect, the grand, romantic, specta- cular, musical, mechanical and pantomimical drama, entitled
ALADDIN;
OR, THE
WONDERFUL LAMP,
will be produced on MONDAY EVENING, June 6, with
MRS. JOHN WOOD as ALADDIN.
The Entire Company, and New and Beautiful Scenery, by J. E. Hayes, introducing Effects never attempted in this theatre, and for which the Stage of the Olympic has been altered at a great ex- pense.
Entirely New Machinery, by Charles Long.
Costumes of the most elaborate description, by Miss C. Flannery.
THE MUSIC ENTIRELY NEW,
Composed and arranged expressly for this piece,
By THOS. BAKER.
The dramatis personæ are to be found fully described in that ancient work of the Arabians, entitled
THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS.
Doors open at 7½, performances commence at 8.
Seats secured three days in advance.

A CARD.

At a meeting of the members of SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS, at Buffalo, N. Y., June 3d, 1864, the following Preamble and Reso- lutions were unanimously adopted, as an expression of their gen- eral feeling of sorrow and sympathy:

Whereas, We have heard with deepest regret of the death of WALLY THOMAS, a member of this Company, who died at his residence in Lowell, Mass., on the 29th of May, therefore

Resolved, That by his death we have lost one whom to know was to respect as an artist and a gentleman, and to love as a friend. In him we have lost a true, kind-hearted and pleasing companion.

Resolved, That we diffidently but earnestly tender to the afflict- ed family of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy and condolence in this their great grief.

Resolved, That the usual badge of mourning be worn for one month.

Resolved, That these Resolutions be published in the New York CLIPPER and Lowell city papers, and a copy sent to his bereaved family,

SAM SHARPLEY,
COOL BURGESS,
GEO. BAILEY,
CHAS. BOYD,
EDWIN FRENCH,
FRANK BOWLES,
A. C. STONE,
FRED. KING,
JOHN E. TAYLOR,
OTIS UNDERWOOD,
J. F. SULLIVAN,
ARCHIE SHARPLEY,
GILBERT POND,
FRANK CILLEY,
RICHARD ESCOTT,
E. T. BLACKMER,
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HENRY STUART,
JAS. LAMONT,
CHAS. SIVALLS,
H. S. RUMSEY.
9-1t

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PAVILION,
MAINE STREET, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.
BISHOP & DOWNS.....Proprietors.
BRIGHAM BISHOP.....Manager and Director.
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The Company now consists of
12 STAR PERFORMERS
In the Ethiopian business,
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LA BELLE LOUISE,
Danseuse and Vocalist.
The Pavilion now seats 1300 people, and has been crowded nightly, the fifth week's receipts being $4100.
WANTED, on or about the 1st of July, people for our new place at Nashville, Tenn. At this place we shall give a regular Concert Hall performance, so talent in any line may apply to the manager,
BRIGHAM BISHOP,
St. Cloud Hotel, Nashville, Tenn.
P. S.—No engagements made for less than 3 months. 9-4t*

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720 BROADWAY,
Opposite the New York Hotel.
MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 6, 1864,
At 8 o'clock,
Donizetti's Grand Opera of the
DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.
MISS SALLIE HOLMAN as MARIE.
MISS SALLIE HOLMAN AS MARIE.
MISS SALLIE HOLMAN AS MARIE.
To conclude with the Operetta of
MRS. PARTINGTON.
ADMISSION 25 CENTS.
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The great Equestrienne and Melodramatic Actress, opens at the HOWARD ATHENÆUM, BOSTON, JUNE 6th,
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FRONT STREET THEATRE, BALTIMORE, JUNE 20th.
Managers wishing to negotiate for MISS VANCE, will address
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partnership heretofore existing between CHAS. HILLSBURGH and HIRAM S. RUMSEY, is this day dissolved by mutual con- sent of both parties, Mr. C. Hillsburgh withdrawing from the concern.
CHAS. HILLSBURGH,
May 23, 1864. [9-1t*] HIRAM S. RUMSEY.

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Cited by the entire press as the greatest
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Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

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Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
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In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c. For particulars, see bills of the day.
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The best Minstrel Entertainment in the world, given by the following well known Artists:—

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Every Phase of Ethiopian Minstrelsy legitimately performed.
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Consist of the following Gentlemen:
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BILLY MORRIS,	R. M. CARROLL,
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J. L. GILBERT,	J. J. HILLIARD,
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The Management call particular notice to the above distinguished array of Talent.
Tickets 30 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.
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THE LEADING MODEL TROUPE
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TWENTY-FOUR
BRILLIANT ETHIOPIAN STARS,
Defying and far excelling all competition, not even excepting soft
IRON CLAD MINSTRELSY.
THE WORLD OUTDONE
By the famous and ever popular
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The largest, oldest and most complete Troupe ever organized and brought before the public, introducing four unequalled Comedians in the persons of Charley Reynolds, Lew Benedict, J. E. Green and Harry Stanwood.
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of Fourteen Artistic Musicians, each one being a soloist and master of his peculiar instrument.
THE LION CHAMPION QUARTETTE
of the nineteenth century, composed of the renowned Signor Gustavo Bidaux, J. E. Green, Edwin Holmes, and Gonsalvo Bishop, admitted by all good judges and critics to be the best Quartette ever heard in the profession.
A BRASS BAND OF SIXTEEN PIECES,
Led by Alphonse Bergeron, the Royal Cornettist of Canada, pronounced to be the most extensive and finest Band traveling.
The whole of the above combination of talent appear in an original and
MAMMOTH ENTERTAINMENT,
nightly, before crowded houses—in many instances hundreds of people are turned away from the doors.
The largest Halls in the country will not hold the immense audiences who rush to see and hear this unapproachable organization.
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The Troupe are again on an extensive tour throughout the Eastern Country, just before their departure for the Canadas, the great West and the South.
For full particulars see programmes of the day.
On the arrival at each city the Brass Band will march from the depot to the hotel.
CHAS. H. DUPREZ.
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ELLINGER & FOOTE'S
GREAT MORAL EXHIBITION and
CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS.
ATTRACTIONS EXTRAORDINARY! UNPARALLELED SUCCESS!
The Three Smallest Human Beings in Existence.
COM. FOOTE,
The Smallest Man in the World, 22 years old, 28 inches high, and weighs 23 lbs.
His Sister MISS ELIZA NESTEL, (the Fairy Queen,)
17 years old, 17 inches high, and weighs 14½ lbs., and
COL. SMALL,
17 years old, 30 inches high, and weighs 25 lbs.
Assisting these Wonderful Little People are the old, Original, and only
CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS.
W. D. FRANKLIN and J. W. SMITH,
Miss M. C. ELLINGER, the celebrated vocalist and Pianist,
and Prof. G. H. BROOKS, the eminent Pianist and Vocalist.
The Company are now on an extensive Western Tour, previous to their departure for Europe.
For full particulars, see Programme of the day.
48-3m-4t* C. G. RUSSELL, Business Agent.

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Showmen patronising the Express will find that ample attention will be given their entertainments in the local columns, the best medium of advertising. 1-tf

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A. MONTPELIER.....Proprietor and Manager
The finest place of amusement in America.
Ladies and gentlemen of reputation and ability always wanted. Address as above. 51-3m*

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BALTIMORE, MD.
GEORGE LEA.....Proprietor.
The Melodeon having been repaired, is again in the full tide of success. Artists of acknowledged ability,
SINGERS,
DANCERS,
ACROBATS,
ETHIOPIAN PERFORMERS,
will find it to their advantage to address as above, to GEORGE LEA, or JOSH HART, Manager.
N. B.—A First Class Ballet Master Wanted. 4-3m

CHAMPION SHADES,
19 LIBERTY STREET,
OPPOSITE MECHANIC'S HALL,
UTICA, N. Y.
SAM HAGUE wishes to inform his friends in and out of the profession, that he has cast anchor at the above named house, where he will be happy to welcome all his old friends and as many new ones as will honor him with a call. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand. SAM & TOM HAGUE. 8-51*

HARMONEANS.
The "HARMONEANS" are now travelling through the Northwestern States and meeting with deserved success.
Their Programme embraces the salient points of
WIT, HUMOR, PATHOS AND SENTIMENT.
FARCES AND EXTRAVAGANZAS,
WITH AN
OLLA PODRIDA OF REVIVIFYING HUMOR AND EFFECTS!!
The Company consists of
FRANK WESTON,
JAS. PRENDERGAST,
BURJACK STUART,
FRANK HOWARD,
8-3t* GEO. DOUGLAS, and GEO. C. DALY.

INFORMATION OF JOHNNY PERRY is wanted by his son Edward, who is now in New York city, having just returned from California. Mr. John Perry was formerly a theatrical Book Agent, in Broadway, and subsequently was acting as Treasurer for a traveling company. Any information concerning him or his present whereabouts will be thankfully received.
Address EDWARD PERRY,
6-4t* CLIPPER Office, New York.

MISS KATE FISHER, THE GREAT ORIGINAL
AND WORLD RENOWNED
"MAZEPPA,"
and her beautiful and
HIGHLY TRAINED STEED,
WONDER.
MISS KATE FISHER,
THE CELEBRATED
PROTEAN AND EQUESTRIAN ACTRESS,
has appeared at all the principal Theatres in the United States and Canada, and has been everywhere greeted with
ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE BY CROWDED HOUSES.
Her Engagement at the New Bowery Theatre,
NEW YORK,
was one of the most
BRILLIANT ON RECORD,
she having, in the course of her
SIX WEEKS' ENGAGEMENT
been witnessed by
OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PERSONS.
Of equal brilliancy have been her engagements at the Theatre Royal, Montreal; Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati; McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, and in every theatre
THROUGHOUT THE STATES.
MISS FISHER'S Repertoire embraces
THE THREE FAST MEN,
purchased by her from Mr. Wm. B. English, the author.
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JACK SHEPPARD,
DICK TURPIN,
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HERNE THE HUNTER, &c., &c.
Managers will please apply to MISS FISHER, or to her agents,
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DEAGLE'S VARIETIES,
ST. LOUIS.
THIS VERY POPULAR ESTABLISHMENT,
AND THE LARGEST IN THE UNITED STATES, IS NOW IN THE
FULL TIDE OF SUCCESS,
First Class STARS treated with at all times. None others need apply. JAMES CONNER & CO., Agents,
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C. M. CHADWICK & CO.....Sole Lessees and Managers.
The following talented Artists are now engaged at the above popular place of Amusement:—
M'LLE MARIETTA RAVEL,

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MONS. BAPTISTIN,

HEN MASON,	TOM RUSSELL,
T. H. JEFFERSON,	J. W. McANDREWS,
GEORGE WINSHIP,	T. G. RIGGS,
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Performers of acknowledged ability can always have
A GOOD ENGAGEMENT.
None but First Class need apply.
P. O. Drawer 6301. T. L. FITCH, Stage Manager. 6-4t*

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COMMERCIAL STREET, ABOVE KEARNY,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,
E. G. BERT.....Proprietor and Manager.
The Proprietor would respectfully call the attention of the Public and Profession to the fact that this
BEAUTIFUL AND COMMODIOUS
THEATRE
has been entirely re-fitted and decorated, making it the most comfortable as it is the most
POPULAR PLACE OF AMUSEMENT
on the Pacific Coast.
THE NEW IDEA IS OPEN NIGHTLY
with an
"ARRAY OF TALENT"
Superior to any Company ever combined in one Theatre west of the Rocky Mountains;
While the Entertainments consist of
OPERA, COMEDY, DRAMA, FARCE,
BALLET, MINSTRELSY, BURLESQUE, AND ACROBATIC.
Performers of acknowledged ability and reputation desiring to visit California, can enter into permanent engagements with the Proprietor, by applying to
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Dramatic and Musical Agents,
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WM. E. SINN.....Proprietor
THE MODEL MUSIC HALL
OF AMERICA.
THE NATIONAL will seat
Three Thousand People.
The Stage is Eighty Feet Deep.
The Company
The Best in the World.
Good Talent Always Wanted.
None Other Need Apply.
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VARIETIES,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.
JOHN M. KINNEY.....Sole Proprietor and Manager.
The Varieties is now in the full tide of success, and it is one of the fixed institutions of Columbus.
Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession would do well to address the proprietor, stating line of business, terms, &c., with programme and stamp enclosed. 5-tf

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SHOW BILL PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD,
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(Successors to John E. Bacon,)
PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
12 and 14 Spruce street, New York,
Pay particular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
For traveling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circuses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
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All orders addressed to "CLARRY & REILLEY," Bacon Printing and Engraving establishment, 12 and 14 Spruce street, New York, will be promptly attended to. 5-tf

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THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE, and young female Brass Band, twenty in number. Sole proprietor, J. Henage Carter. Musical Director, Professor J. J. Watson. Leader and Brass Band Instructor, G. H. Marsh. The manager feels it perfectly unnecessary to say a word in behalf of his troupe to those who have once seen them. To those who have merely heard of them, he would say that they are literally and universally acknowledged to be "the best and most popular exhibition of the day." The novelty, variety, and excellence of this extraordinary company, makes it stand alone and unapproachable. It has taken years of labor and perseverance to bring the troupe to its present high standard of excellence. In securing the valuable services of Professor Watson, the eminent violinist and composer, the manager feels that he offers the best guarantee for the excellence of the musical department, and in retaining those of Mr. Marsh (the efficient instructor in "brass") the "young female Brass Band" will always have more brass in their faces than any modest young ladies were ever before known to have. The company will make a complete tour of New England before again going west. 1-3m*

CASINO! CASINO!! CASINO!!!
Chestnut Street, above Sixth,
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The Standard Music Hall of the Quaker City.
Wanted competent Artistes in the various departments connected with the Music Hall business.
Apply personally, or by letter, to
CHRIS. NORRIS, (Sole Lessee),
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"WILLARD'S HOWARD ATHENÆUM,"
BOSTON.
The Fall and Winter season of this favorite establishment will commence August 15th—next.
Stars wishing nights, will address
HENRY WILLARD, Lessee,
4-3m Boston.

FRONT STREET THEATRE, Baltimore.--Ladies and Gentlemen desiring Engagements in this Theatre, as Members of the Dramatic Company for the ensuing season of 1864'65, will please address GEO. KUNKEL, Manager. 6-4t

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H. D. BEISSENHERZ, Leader New Bowery Theatre Orchestra, will be happy to negotiate with managers for the coming season. Has one of the largest libraries. Address
5-2m* CHAS. BERNARD, 486 Broadway.

TO MANAGERS.
MISS A. HATHAWAY,
of the New Bowery Theatre, can be engaged for the coming season by addressing CHAS. BERNARD, 486 Broadway. 5-3m*

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL, 514 Broadway, may be hired for any respectable afternoon entertainment not interfering with the performance of Wood's Minstrels in the evening. Apply to the proprietor, 514 Broadway.

MARY GLADSTANE.---Managers wishing to engage the services of the above popular Artiste for star engagements, will address her, care of C. T. PARSLOE, P. O. Box 3414, New York. 53-3m

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J. TANNENBAUM, Leader of Skiff's Minstrels, and formerly of M. C. Campbell's Minstrels, will be open for an engagement on or about the 4th of June All correspondence may be addressed to J. TANNENBAUM, CLIPPER office. 8-2t*

TO MANAGERS.--Mr. James Andrews, better known as "Handy Andy," of the "Sunday Mercury," is desirous of obtaining a situation as AGENT or BUSINESS MANAGER for a first class TRAVELING COMPANY or "STAR," for the coming season. Managers in need of such a person will do well to apply immediately. The best of references given and required. Address, with terms, JAMES ANDREWS,
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HARRIS & CLIFTON'S
EXCELSIOR MINSTREL TROUPE
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EIGHTEEN STAR PERFORMERS.
This unique Troupe of Metropolitan Artistes, acknowledged to be by far the best company now travelling.
OBSERVE THE POWERFUL ARRAY OF TALENT.
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I. W. CHARLES, Personator of Female Characters,
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PROF. S. HOSFIELD, Leader of Orchestra,
J. J. GUNN, Flute Picolo and Alto Horn,
GEO. HOSFIELD, Second Violin and Tenor Horn,
G. CLIFTON, Flagiolet,
EUGENE GORMAN, Flutinist and Comedian,
CHAS. STEVENS, Vocal Director and Alto,
FRANK WINSLOW, Second Violin and Guitar,
WM. SHEEHAN, Leader of Brass Band,
THOS. YATES, Double Bass and Tuber,
GEO. EDMONDS, B Flat Cornet,
and F. V. CONWAY, Clarionet and Baritone.
Balcony Serenade each evening, previous to opening of the doors, by the
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For particulars see small bills.
The above talented Troupe is now on an extended tour, viz.: Pittsburgh, Pa., Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and West India Islands.
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SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,
BRASS BAND,
AND
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
unable to obtain a suitable hall in this city, will make an extensive tour in the West.
THE GREAT IRON CLADS
Will shortly appear at

BUFFALO,	CHICAGO,	LOUISVILLE,
TOLEDO,	ST. PAUL,	NASHVILLE,
DETROIT,	ST. LOUIS,	MEMPHIS.
MILWAUKIE,	CINCINNATI,	NEW ORLEANS,

Returning to the East next season.
SAM SHARPLEY, Manager and Proprietor.
C. A. BOYD, Leader of Orchestra.
E. T. BLACKMAN, Vocal Director.
FRANK BOWLES, Leader of Brass Band.
FRANK CILLEY, WM. H. DAVIS, CHAS. UNDERWOOD, } Advertising Agents.
4-6m

FORREST'S MINSTRELS.---The Only Original
FRANK FORREST'S MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND are now making their first tour North and East during the fitting up of their Opera House.
18 STAR PERFORMERS,
comprising the following familiar names:

FRED. HOFFMAN,	FRED. SHARPLEY,
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J. FRIEDREICH,	HENRY BUTLER,
E. S. FARNSWORTH,	DICK PRIOR,
PROF. HARROLD,	J. H. JACKSON,
C. G. STANLY,	SAMUEL A. PORTER,
E. S. SULLIVAN,	MASTER JAMES,
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The SLITER BROTHERS, Masters James and Johnny, 11 years of age, appear each evening in their great act,
DOUBLE CLOG HORNPIPE.
The BEST BRASS BAND travelling, under the leadership of JOHN C. McGUINESS, plays each evening in front of the hall.
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JOE MILLER.....Stage Manager.
HARRY WELLS.....Leader of Orchestra.
This popular place of amusement is now in full tide of success. It is the Largest and Best Company now in this city, acknowledged to be so by the public and also by the press. Performers of acknowled ability, such as
SINGERS,
DANCERS,
ETHIOPIAN PERFORMERS,
GYMNASTS, &c.,
Will find it to their advantage to apply stating line of business, terms, &c., to
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H. BROWER,
4-3m on the premises.

THE TALENTED YOUNG ARTISTES,
GEO. C. BONIFACE
and
MISS KATE NEWTON,
will commence their summer campaign at Buffalo on Monday, July 11th, 1864. Letters of negotiation for the ensuing fall and winter tour may be addressed to H. H. WALL,
Business Manager,
Care of W. C. Wemyss,
3-tf 575 Broadway, New York.

PITTSBURGH THEATRE.
Ladies and gentlemen wishing engagements for the coming season, opening about the middle of August, for eleven months, will please direct to
4-tf W. HENDERSON, Manager.

APOLLO THEATRE,
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WEAVER & GOLDEN, Managers.
The above Theatre, altered and improved, will open for the regular season on Monday, Sept. 5th, 1864.
Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged talent desiring engagements from that date until the 4th of July inclusive, will apply as above.
FIRST CLASS STARS TREATED WITH ON LIBERAL TERMS. 4-3m

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS,
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Entertainments Every Evening, and
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PLEASANT SUMMER RESORT
WITH GOOD ACCOMMODATIONS
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☞ MEALS AT ALL HOURS. ☜
☞ Albany Day Boats, and Hudson Night Boats land in front of this House. Mountain House Stages start from the door, on the arrival of Trains and Boats.
The House is under the personal supervision of
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The very best accommodations for Travellers, Circus, Theatrical and Show People.
Stabling for 100 horses 4-3m*

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Managers wishing to engage the services of these very talented Artists, for STAR Engagements, will address them care of
8-3m CLIPPER OFFICE, or 17 Nassau street, Brooklyn.

BELLA GOLDEN, the Popular Comedienne, DanSEUSE and VOCALIST, will commence a starring tour in September. Managers wishing to engage her services will address to the care of Theatre, Lexington, Ky. 4-3m

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TO MANAGERS.---A Gentleman who possesses a fine Mezzo Soprano voice, which cannot be distinguished from a lady's, wishes a situation in some travelling or stationary troupe as Soprano Singer. Has also a scientific knowledge of Melodeon playing. Address
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Care Box 817,
4-3m* Portsmouth, N. H.

ROYCE HALL, Bloomington, Ill.---The most comfortable and Largest Hall in the City. Well supplied with Stage Scenery, Gas, and good Ventilation. Has an entrance on Main and Front streets. Direct to A. A. LAMB,
at Baughen's Music Store, Main street,
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TO LET, Nightly or weekly or arrangements will be made with any first class entertainment.
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TO LET, by the day, week, or year, or FOR SALE. Building and scenery in good order. Address JAMES FRENCH,
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well known as the largest, most popular and superior Hall, located in the desirable portion of the city, completely furnished in elegant style, ante rooms, stage scenery, foot lights, &c. Capacity for 1000 people seated. To be rented for concerts, exhibitions, &c. Apply at the office on the premises, corner of Division Avenue and Clymer street, or address
WILLET & BROTHERS,
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THE BANJO TAUGHT by FRANK B. CONVERSE. —A choice collection of progressively arranged Tunes, with all the necessary explanations and instructions, sent to any address. Choice and properly constructed Banjos selected for purchasers. Address, care of P. C. CAMPBELL,
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WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL,
514 BROADWAY,
Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel.
Proprietor, &c.....HENRY WOOD.
MONDAY, June 6, and every evening during the week,
OTHELLO; OR, DAR'S-DE-MONEY,
ZOUAVE JOHNNY,
STOCKS UP,
SMIGGY McGLURAL,
THOUGHTFUL EMOTIONS,
THE BROADWAY BELLE,
COMIC BANJO SOLOS,
JACK ON THE GREEN, &c.,
By FRANK BROWER, CHARLEY FOX, FRANK MORAN, BOYCE, BIDWORTH, &c.
Doors open at 7. Commence at 8 o'clock.
Tickets 25 cents.
NOTICE.—No connection with any travelling company assuming the name of Wood's Minstrels. 9

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY
CAMPBELL'S
MINSTRELS
WILL OPEN
THEIR NEW HALL,
BOWERY,
OPPOSITE SPRING STREET,
ON
MONDAY EVENING,
JUNE 20th.
WHICH FOR
SIGHT,
SOUND AND
VENTILATION,
IS UNSURPASSED IN THE WORLD.
9-tf M. C. CAMPBELL, Lessee.

BROADWAY THEATRE,
LATE "WALLACK'S."
BROADWAY CORNER OF BROOME STREET.
TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS
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IN HIS
TWO GREAT CHARACTERS
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LORD DUNDREARY
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BROTHER SAM,
In Charles Gayler's Comedy entitled
OUR AMERICAN COUSIN AT HOME.
SCENES NIGHTLY ENCORED.
The audience kept in a
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It will be repeated
EVERY NIGHT AT 8 O'CLOCK.

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A Succession of Crowded Houses Greet
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GREAT COMBINATION TROUPE,
Every Night.
The most unanimous tokens of approval,
The Press and Public,
Unite in declaring it
THE GREAT VARIETY THEATRE OF THE AGE.
The company is Perfection in all its details.
THE MAMMOTH ETHIOPIAN TROUPE,
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THE SPLENDID BALLET TROUPE,
In short, all that goes to make up
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An Entire Change of Programme Every Week.
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ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELSY.
PART FIRST.
GRAND PARLOR CONCERT—IN WHITE FACES.
Quartettes, Duets, Ballads, Comic Songs, Recitations, Comic Descriptions, &c., &c.
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CARNIVAL DE AFRIC.
By a Combination of the leading members of the Ethiopian Profession.
ADMISSION 25 CENTS.
CHILDREN UNDER TEN YEARS OF AGE 15 CENTS.
Doors open.....7½ o'clock
Performance.....8¼ o'clock
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TO MINSTREL and CONCERT HALL
MANAGERS.
MR. D. W. COLLINS,
VOCALIST, COMEDIAN, INTERLOCUTOR, &c.,
Will be disengaged after June 6th. Managers desiring his services will please address, care of
SAMUEL FITZPATRICK,
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EXCHANGE PLACE,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.,
Will be RENTED for Concerts, Lectures, Exhibitions, &c.
Address W. A. REYNOLDS,
9-6m* 59 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

TO MANAGERS OF MINSTRELS.--A Situation WANTED BY A WENCH DANCER and Personator of Female Characters, capable of taking parts in Farces and Burlesques. Address PETE FISHER, Barnum's Museum. 9-1t*

WANTED--Talent.--The undersigned wishes to engage FIVE OR SIX FIRST CLASS PERFORMERS of the "burnt cork" persuasion, who can do Song and Dance, Farces, Stump Speeches, &c., also one or two good "RUBBER MEN" or Acrobats, to travel with "DORY'S FUNNY FELLOWS." Address, enclosing programme, stating line of business, terms, &c.,
9-2t* P. DORY, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE ALLEGHANIANS AND SWISS BELL RINGERS gave their last concert of the season, at Detroit, on the 26th of May. Mr. G. F. B. Betts, the Assistant Agent, has been the recipient of a handsome present for the very meritorious manner in which he performed the many arduous duties assigned him. 9-1t*

NEW THEATRE,
CAIRO, ILL.
Messrs. CRUMP & CARROLL, Proprietors.
The above establishment,
NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION,
will be opened to the public, July 10th, 1864.
Ladies and Gentlemen of known ability desiring engagements will address, stating business and salary expected, for a season of eight months, commencing as above HARRY GILBERT,
Acting and Stage Manager, Box 537, Cairo, Ill.
☞ Stars treated with on liberal terms. 9-6t

THE ELFIN STAR,
ALICE KINGSBURY.
This young, beautiful and talented actress, has just concluded a most successful three weeks engagement at Eisler's Athenæum, Columbus, O., producing with unequaled success, her new versions of "Barefoot," "Capitola," "Fanchon," and her great specialty, from the French of Paul Feval, entitled the
CHILD
OF THE
SAVANNA.
Which has been pronounced by both press and public, to be the greatest and most successful drama ever produced. Miss Kingsbury commences her fall engagement Aug. 29th, at the Rochester Theatre, N. Y. "Printers' Ink" has been ordered to the "front," and will not be spared in the attack. Managers may address
ALBERT A. WYATT,
9-1t* 39 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE.
MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 18th, 1864.
MR. AND MRS. C. HENRI
Having been maliciously assailed through the columns of the *Sunday Mercury* by a correspondent styling himself "Shooting Stick," in contradiction of his assertions we beg to state that Mr. and Mrs. C. Henri are still with us, occupying their old positions, Mrs. C. Henri as leading lady (an immense favorite) and Mr. C. Henri as pantomimist, &c.—two of the best and most versatile people we have ever had the pleasure to have under our management. They remain here to the end of our season.
Respectfully yours,
McDONALD & RAYFIELD,
8-3t* Lessees of New Memphis Theatre.

WM. ROBERTS,
MANUFACTURER OF THE MOST APPROVED STYLES OF
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PRICES—Red and Black Morocco Dancing Clogs, $3.50; Men's Working Clogs, from size 8 to 11, $2.25—from size 12 to 14, $2.50; Boots, according to length of leg, from $4.50 to $5.50. 8-2t*

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Address J. BOGAN,
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MANAGERS and Actors generally, visiting New York should not fail to examine PAUL DE SPOTTE'S PRIZE MEDAL THEATRICAL WIGS. Assortment on hand and for sale cheap.
PAUL DE SPOTTE, Theatrical Wig Maker,
7-3t* 15 West Houston st., New York.

DON SANTIAGO GIBBONOISE, the best CONTORTIONIST ever seen in America, is ready to negotiate with Circus Managers, as well as Music Hall Proprietors, for the summer and fall seasons. He may be addressed in care of the NEW YORK CLIPPER. 8-2t*

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AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS.
These Billiard Tables have received the unqualified approval of the best players and most competent judges, who have universally pronounced them unequalled for general excellence and durability.
Seven distinct patents for improvements in Billiard Tables have been granted to us by the United States Patent Office, and we have lately obtained a patent from the French Governmen for our improvements in billiard cushions.
We employ, in the construction of our tables, a variety of machines specially made for the purpose, by which means we are enabled to insure a scientific and mechanical accuracy hitherto unknown in billiard manufacture.
Having a long experience and thorough knowledge of all the appliances of billiards, and constantly on hand a large stock of the best and most thoroughly seasoned materials, we are prepared to furnish everything required in the billiard line with unprecedented dispatch.
The eminent French billiard player, M. Berger, has published the following opinion:
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"On the eve of leaving the United States, I am happy to declare to all amateurs of billiards that, after a tour of eleven months through the principal cities, I have been enabled to judge in a satisfactory manner of the superiority of the Billiard Tables manufactured by Phelan & Collender. The system of manufacture is so superior, that I am happy to introduce their style of cushion into France. They have united to their manufacture of American Billiard Tables that of the French Tables, of remarkable excellence and beauty. For these reasons I am happy to make this declaration.
"BERGER, CLAUDIUS, Professor of Billiards, Paris."
Parties ordering from us will find our prices as low as good work can possibly be made for. We sell first-class articles at a fair price, and will not make an inferior article at any price.
Orders by mail carefully and promptly executed. Illustrated Catalogues and Price Lists sent by mail. "THE BILLIARD CUE," a journal published in the interest of billiards, and containing details of all novelties, a copious record of billiard news, and everything interesting to amateurs of billiards, sent free on application.
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